SECRET

MAGAZINE

Issue N°30

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History of Fetish
Photography

Photos:
Alan Tex
Jean-Paul Four
Chad Michael Ward
Eric Martin
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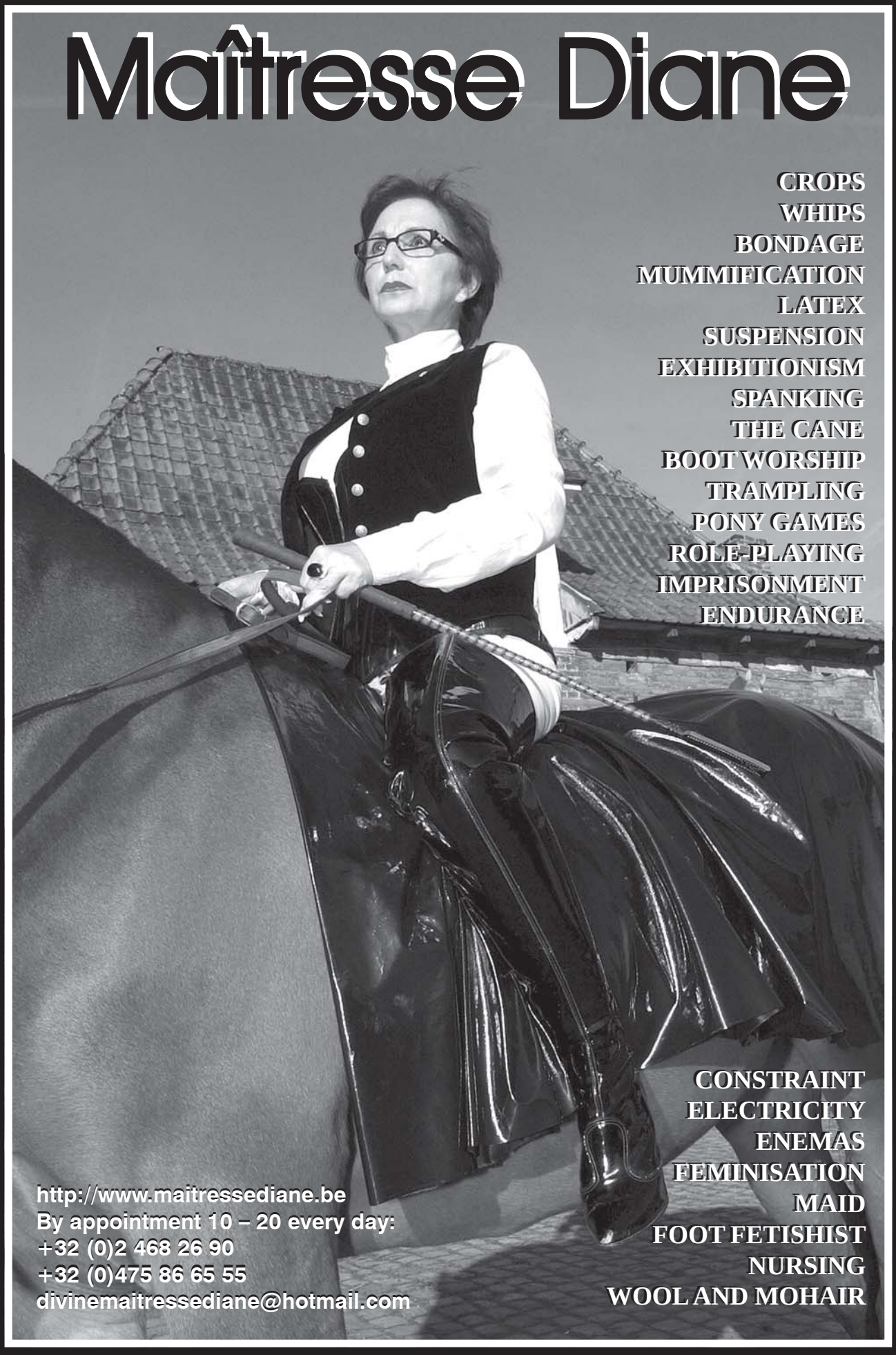
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WHIPS
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Editorial

« We came a long way, we kept the distance and I hate you with my entire soul and I love you, still » (Kyo)

In the beginning of the 90's, a whole series of alternative approaches of the body and sexuality – now common to our every days life - were buzzing in the shadows, following the sexual liberation of the roaring 70's. Only a small number of persons were actively interested in the games of domination and submission, in bondage, in piercing and even scarification, fetishism of the materials (in particular latex and leather), in sado-masochism who explored the mystic of pain and pleasure. There were only a small number of clubs and you had to drive all the way to Amsterdam to find some rare specialized magazines and one would always find those familiar faces on the small private parties that were held in the utmost secrecy. It was quite rare to actually have a profession in one of these activities.

Nowadays, pop-groups, films and world-known photographers are published and models are showing clothing that was considered very underground back in those days. Big, enormous fetish parties are being held, top designers and pop artists openly state their interest in BDSM, latex and high heels. Mainstream magazines publish articles on how to dominate your partner while having sex, piercings are a common sight in all schools, videoclips where whips and handcuffs are every day stuff. The internet is overwhelmed with information on BDSM and professional dominatrixes are seen on almost every corner of the streets, advertising in mainstream or specialized magazines.

Now, 16 years later I try to oversee what happened to the pioneers of the first wave and what happened to them. We can see two very distinguished trends.

A first group has sombered into moral sin and or physical décheance; drogued, prison, depression, neurotic relationships, suicide attempts and financial ruin are often heard of. Those people have played with fire and got burned.

A second group has grown out of all this and has achieved success in their lives, sometimes in an impressive way, they have successfully penetrated (no pun intended) in domains that are quite varied in a spiritual and artistic way, in fashion, social behaviour and financial success. This second group has opted for a controlled approach to BDSM, and made a difference between success and avoided with care the serious obstacles that were on their path.

When we observe the movement that was created and that now has a diluted effect on the population, we notice also a change in the practice of BDSM.

Two big tendencies are noted again who dominate on a level of popular recognition: on the one hand the moneypump, meaning the outrageous commercialization and the other the fusion with sexuality. For the latter, BDSM practices are only an accessory to spice up the sexual life, but, like bondage, are demystified from their original substance, they have become a vague alibi to sexual activity.

In the more hardcore BDSM practice, two attitudes, quite opposed and gaining field. First, the role play, which is oh so regulated and with all kind of codes, almost to a point where one would ask himself if it's done to gain more control over the other partner, but also to install a sense of security so one would respect the other partners limits. This tendency, which is a big part of the realization of fantasies in Europe, isn't found back in our overseas players, who have more the tendency to go beyond that sacred «stop» word. Searching the outer limits of play has become edge-play. This brings the players in an extreme situation and pushes them to uncertain limits which may be dangerous, but could also loose the confidence in the other partner and himself.

Live your life.

François De Kock
www.sexpansions.org

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All letters, subscriptions, advertising rates and information:

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All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with *.tif / Jpeg/ eps,...files on PC compatible disks.

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© coverpicture by Martin Perreault - model: Bianca
www.biancabeauchamp.com

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News, Info, books, DVD's...

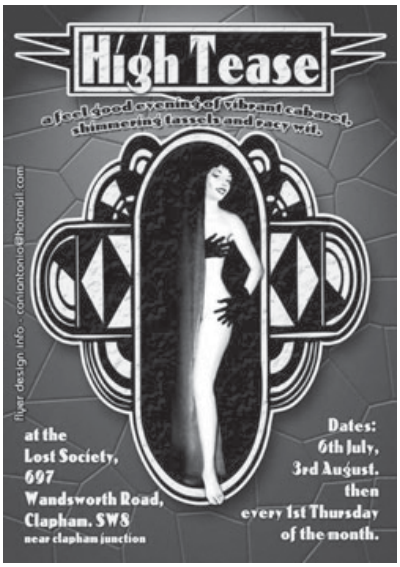
by Jürgen Boedt

Two Witches

They call themselves «TwoWitches». The band members are 2 hot girls and 2 dark gothic guys. Heidi, the guitar player, is also very popular for designing Latex outfits for her Label «SAVAGE-WEAR» but back to the band. The band was founded by Anne & Jyrki in 1987 under the name Noidat ('witches' in Finnish). In 1988 they started to sing in more popular English and changed the name to «Two Witches». In 1992 the debut album «Agony of the undead vampire part II» came out from Darklands. In the following years Two Withes toured across Europe and were included in three compilation cds in 3 different countries (England, Germany & USA.). In the summer of 1997 Two Witches released a new cd «Talvenaika» (back on the Darklands again) that got some very good reviews in various magazines.
Two Witches had their 10 years anniversary Tour. During the tour they played about twenty gigs in Germany and Spain and later in December some gigs in Mexico and Argentina. The latest album is called «Eternal Passion» and was released in 2005.

Latex

Latex allergies are reported to be dramatically on the rise globally and nearing epidemic levels according to medical researchers. Latex allergies are generally found in people with repeated and long term exposure to latex. One reason for the rise in latex allergies is because more and more people are being exposed to higher levels of latex as the use of latex and the number of products containing latex has increased hugely within the last 20 years.


High Tease
a feel good evening of vibrant cabaret, shimmering tassels and racy wit.
flyer design info - corioantonio@hotmail.com
at the Lost Society, 697 Wandsworth Road, Clapham. SW8 near clapham junction
Dates: 6th July, 3rd August. then every 1st Thursday of the month.

Ministry Of Burlesque

They specialize in cabaret & burlesque. High Tease is a feel good evening of vibrant cabaret, shimmering tassels and racy wit. The MoBStar Burlesque agency supplies top burlesque performers to events all over the world. Check out the video showreels.

Erotic jewels...

Suave Attitude by French artist Jean Vuigner is a workshop specialized in creating erotic jewellery, unique creations in platinium, gold, silver and precious stones for women and men. High quality
http://www.suaveattitude.com

Bob Carlos Clarke R.I.P.

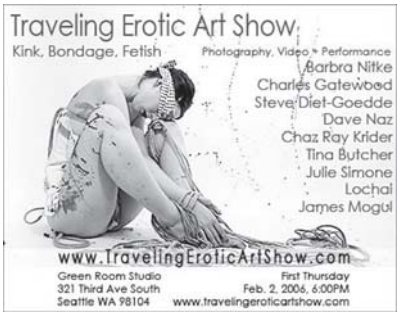
One of my idols has left this world...after Newton, I had a great chock to learn that Bob Carlos Clarke died in an accident on the 25th March 2006.His family are setting up the «Bob Carlos Clarke Foundation» in his memory to support young photographers. I have no words...it's so sad...

'The Bob Carlos Clarke Foundation' and send to: The Bob Carlos Clarke Foundation c/o Panic The Coach House 6a, Kings Avenue, London SW4 8BD, England. Please view his fantastic work & remember him always... He was a great influence on me & my work.
http://www.bobcarlosclarke.com/

Elegy

This magazine just keeps amazing me, issue after issue! This cover, shot

by the incredible Erwin Olaf is as striking as it can get. On his website you'll find more...and believe me, it's quite exceptional!!! Back to the magazine...well, I would just order it for the images, the pure quality, the layout...it's awesome....



Traveling eroticartshow

A touring kinky exhibition of mixed mediums including live performance art, video art, and photography on kink, bondage, and fetishism. Artists for this 2006 touring exhibition include: Fetish Diva Midori, James Mogul, Julie Simone, Lochai, Charles Gatewood, Steven Speliotis, Tina Butcher aka Madison Young, Chas Ray Krider. What a bunch... what are you waiting for!? Go see this...! Also, they are looking for venues around the world for this exposition, so if you have an art gallery, please contact them. Thanx!

SINERGY MODELS

LONDON - Sinergy Models, the top fetish agency has officially become a part of Model Sanctum (http://www.modelsanctum.com), the Skin Two endorsed model and photographer networking community. Sinergy Models act for some of the biggest names in the fetish world, including Rubberella, Aprella, Morrigan Hel and Kittie Klaw and this move streamlines the operations of the two sites.

You can now contact the Sinergy Models by visiting their profiles at http://www.modelsanctum.com/sinergy-models.

« Just three months after it's launch, Model Sanctum is receiving over 5000 visitors every day and is on course to become the most popular site for fetish models who wish to make a name for themselves in the industry.» says James, the webmaster of both Model Sanctum and Skin Two.

Eva Taurel

Sorry to tell you she passed away. Eva Norwind, better known as the dominatrix Eva Taurel, drowned at Zipolite, Oaxaca-the nudist beach near Puerto Escondido, Mexico. According to the local authorities, a wave swept her and she drowned.

SKIN TWO
O: THE POWER OF SUBMISSION
THE LATEST TAKE ON THE STORY OF O
SALON KITTY'S SYDNEY'S HOUSE OF CORRECTION
THE WHITE CLUB DECADENCE IN BERLIN
SM EROTICA
THE HOTTEST NEW FICTION
ELIZABETH AMBROSE, STELLA BLACK, PATRICK CALIFIA & LOUISE MALATESTA
KINKY CLUBBING
SAN FRANCISCO, FLORIDA, AMSTERDAM & GERMANY
.56

Tony Mitchell kicked out!

They are looking for a new editor. This is a part-time appointment, suitable for someone with mainstream publishing experience. They need a dynamic editor, able to maintain and improve our reputation for intelligent, challenging and stylish content, relevant to the concerns of BDSM/fetish people worldwide.

Tim is also looking to organize a fetish event similar to the «Kink in the Carribean», but somewhere in the Orient. Talks have been going on, but nothing certain yet....I'll keep you posted...

The new issue was just out before I finished this issue and I do want to comment. Back to the roots? No way. Okay, the screaming yellow and pink are gone and there is more readable content and some more bondage pictures. But it's not the change that Tim had announced as the fashion and party pictures are still the main feature. Why? Probably because they love to go to all these party's and do have to talk about it, so they can justify the cost of all these trips. I still morn for the old Skin Two, but then again, I'm old fashioned...

BIANCA BEAUCHAMP

She teams up with renowned gaming developer RITUAL ENTERTAINMENT to bring to life their two main characters from SIN EPISODES, one of the most anticipated video game sequels of 2006!

When Ritual Entertainment asked Bianca to play Elexis Sinclaire, the villain from SIN EPISODES, she was overwhelmed with pleasure. It is well known amongst Bianca's fans that she's always been rooting for villains. Her favorite movie villain ever: Maleficent from Disney's Sleeping Beauty. With such high taste for class and evilness, Bianca was a made match with Elexis!

But a villain would be quite lonely without her nemesis. This is when Cindy Synnett comes into play, a good friend of Bianca, who accepted to jump in this adventure and play SIN EPISODES' protagonist Jessica

Cannon. Cindy is a hardcore gamer and felt immediately at home holding the big guns required for the job!

Domizil der Gräfin

On the 18th November, this world-famous dungeon and trend-setting place, will celebrate 20 years of existence. There will be special parties, concepts, and more surprises to come. For more info go see http://www.das-domizil-der-graefin.de/

OWK

They have celebrated their 10 years existence last June 2006. We made the trip to see Mistress Athena from Brussels make her films and made a big reportage by Lady Cathy, owner of the world-famous fetish shop MINUIT. A whole documentary will be in the next issue.

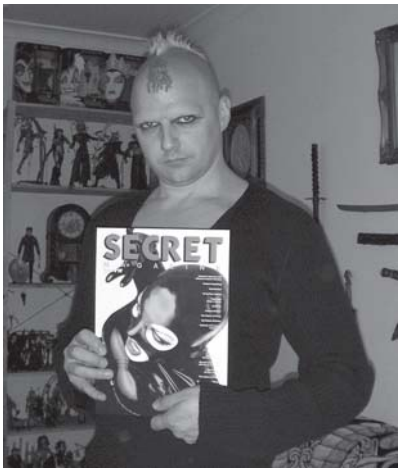
Bizarre 23 - The End

The publishers of Transformation - Forced Womenhood and Bizarre have decided to stop the publication of the last title. Bizarre (name stolen from John Willie) was one of the American fetish publications, but it seems that the internet has killed another paper publication. We hope that Buckle Magazine can hold on! To the staff of Bizarre - thank you for everything.

The next Fetish Photo Anthology volume 5 is now being produced. It will be big, it will be with lot's of rubber, high heels and bondage....with the world's best photographers....!!!!

Senze Magazine & Belgium Marc

When he first stumbled into my store one day, I never would have guessed the influence this person would have on me and maybe on the fetish scene in a whole. He was just back from the Fetish in the Caribbean and asked me if I was interested to see some pictures. That was in 2003 - now, 3 years later he has become a household name in the fetish party-world and is shooting better and better pictures. Published in Secret for the events like Fetish Evolution and the German Rubber Ball his talent has evolved and of course another fetish publication; Senze found him also. A 6 page spread on his work and more to come in the next issues!.... congratulations Marc! Yeahay! www.BelgiumMarc.com



Gumena & Secret

You know it's quite rare that I get pictures of my readers holding a Secret? I got one from Gumena and the reader has given me permission to show it to all of you readers....now, this idea just came up with me... why don't you send in you original picture, with Secret somewhere and I'll publish it...? Please send all mail to editor@secretmag.com

Inflagranti - Stahlhart

Chastity belts have been around for quite some time....as all of you know...but that couples are putting them on to get turned on, well that's new for me....Get your partner so excited that he or she is finally willing to take off the contraption is a new game...and this new DVD from Inflagranti just shows you that, plus many more....lot's of rubber, having sex with a sexmachine...

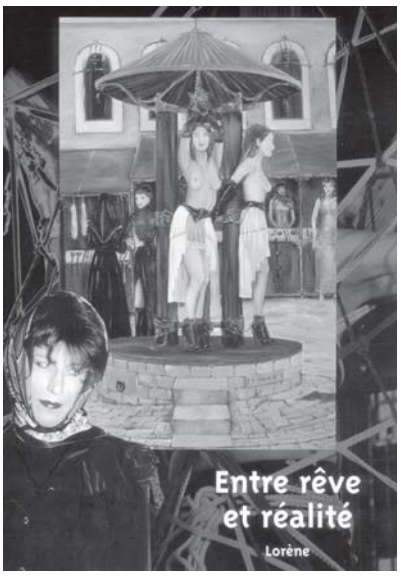
Spandex & latex

For the garment industry, the big breakthrough in an alternative to latex fibers came in 1959 when Joseph Shivers, a DuPont chemist, cooked up the first batch of spandex. Spandex came to revolutionize the garment industry and swimsuits have never been the same since. [It is rumored that spandex has surpassed corn, wheat and soybeans as our largest export to Japan.] Originally called «Fiber K», DuPont christened their new fiber «spandex» which is an anagram of «expands». Spandex is the generic name that has been trademarked as Lycra®.

Guily Pleasures

When a woman writes erotica, one can immediately tell. Fear, erotic fantasies, sex, the way she feels, in which way she wants to be used, it's all there. ***Maria Isabel Pita*** has the art to get you excited, wanting for more, with the effect that you actually think she lived all of these stories. It's explicit, like a pornfilm, but added with mystery, class and adrenaline, like a good porn should be...good

erotica, with the right mix of SM is hard to find, but I found it in this book. Published by Magic Carpet Books, PO Box 473, New Milford, CT 06776, USA.



Entre rêve et réalité by Lorène

This is a hardcover, color artbook. The drawings in it have a strong religion aspect combined with submission, bondage and travesty. Lorène is in fact a man, who lives, from time to time, his absolute fantasy, of which he doesn't know the origin, the sadomasochism. It completely fills his life and he dedicates all his time to it. He submits to his own will and has even the talent to capture it in paint. The book is written in french, but if you like religious paintings with a strong submission/SM/ transvestite aspect, then this is a rare find. It's a limited production of 500 copies, produced by him/herself. You can order it online at the Secret website.

Fetish Sex Symbol

Bianca Beauchamps, one of the world's top fetish models has her own book out with pictures by her boyfriend Martin Perreault. It's a limited edition, comes in two different covers and is as slick as rubber itself. It's expensive, it's beautiful, it's rubberishly yummy stuff and if you don't order your copy, you'll regret it the rest of your rubberlife.

Heavy Rubber

If ever there was a magazine that had an enormous influence on the fetish scene, well that was Atomage, but in these last years, it's Heavy Rubber. Peter W. Czernich had the feeling and has exploited it to the maximum with excellent pictures, outfits and all that goes with it. It has had such an influence that they have deposited the name and sueing everybody who dares to use it, so watch out how you call your next fetish collection!
In this issue, again, extremely good, you will lick the heels of Cubervamp, melt for the rubber of Bianca and just die for Rubberella- God, what a women! Lord, release me from these chains and let all of us have sinful lives!

London Fetish Girls

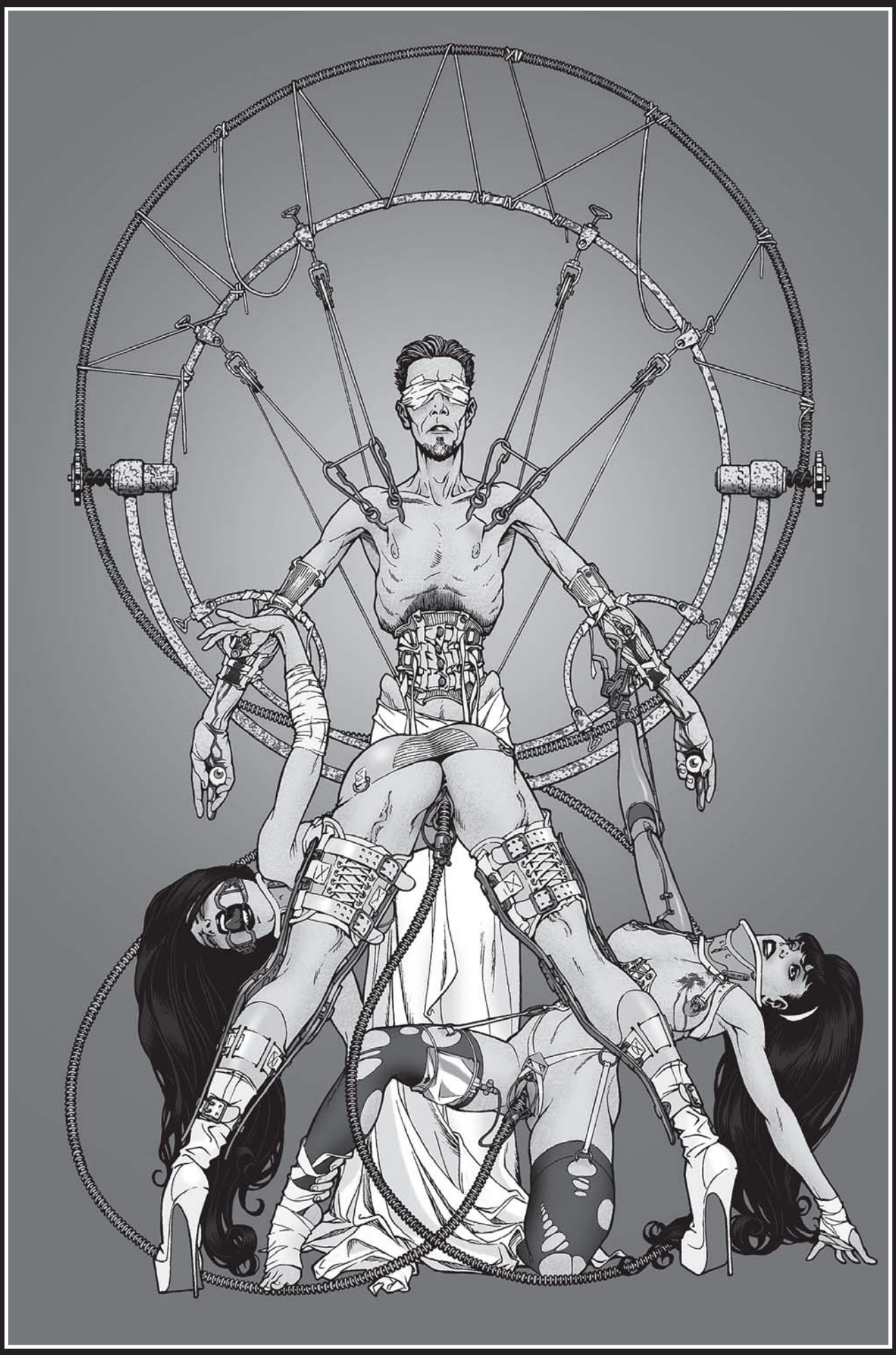
It's Skin Two's first DVD and they say it's the film they always wanted to make, but to me, it's probably a voyeuristic view of somebody who wanted to have all these girls at his mercy...but then all of you will call me jealous!...hahahaha! and you would probably be right. Honestly, it's a good, not to say, excellent, moody, classy and erotic (if you like girls/girls scenes) film with lot's of nice girls. In fact, it's so good, that we decided to sell it online and in the back of this magazine.

The Story of «O»

One of the most influential stories will now be turned into a hardcore film by Ernest Green. He has worked for several fetish publications, like Taboo, but also had a video production called Twist. His talent is known all over the world but I do have some questions about a hardcore «O» story. Just wait until I see the DVD, so I can tell you more....

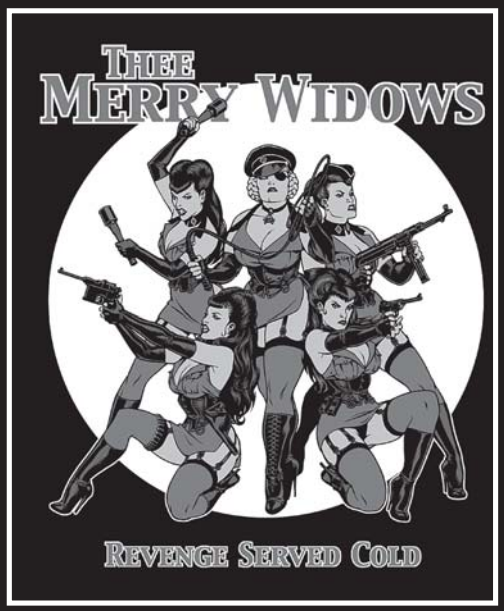
As I have been saying for the last 16 years; Secret Magazine is YOUR magazine, so if you would like to see pictures of anything special, just let me know.OK!?

Editor@secretmag.com



From the day he was able to hold a pencil, Vince has been depicting disturbing images of death and destruction, monsters and mayhem, anything involving blood, lots of it. Credits go to his parents for supporting his «twisted» imagination and leaving him free to express himself on paper while others might have called for a therapeutic intervention to tame such abnormality.To improve his technical skills he attended the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in The Hague after which he started doing record sleeves and t-shirt designs for mainly psychobilly bands in his spare time while working as a housepainter.Six years ago he started working as a full-time illustrator at Shamrock studio in Amsterdam, working as a commercial illustrator in the advertising business and learning to deal with art directors.Nowadays Vince has set up his studio at home and has been able to give priority to drawing the subjects that have always been part of his world; the realms of hotrods, pin ups, and blood-soaked horror, turning his passions into his job.

VENI VIDI VINCE
WWW.VENIVIDIVINCE.COM



48

the Unrated version...

After "Good Luck in Hell" we now have the new art/fetish/Sm book called "48 - the unrated version". That's what you get when you have 3 obsessed photographers who get together and start brainstorming! The result is again a fine publication. One I admire more than the slick fetish books you can now find on the bookstore stands. This is the real stuff. The tattoos are real, the needles are true, the pain is real and all that is reflected black & white on glossy paper. Lovely stuff.

So these 3 guys, Brian Mackey, Stuart Levine & L.C. Misfit studios, are responsable for the pictures, not all as good, but some are quite exquisite, but that said, it's more the soul of the book that speaks to me. The sheer energy, the creative punch, it's all there and it's no lie. The camera doesn't lie.

Stuart Levine

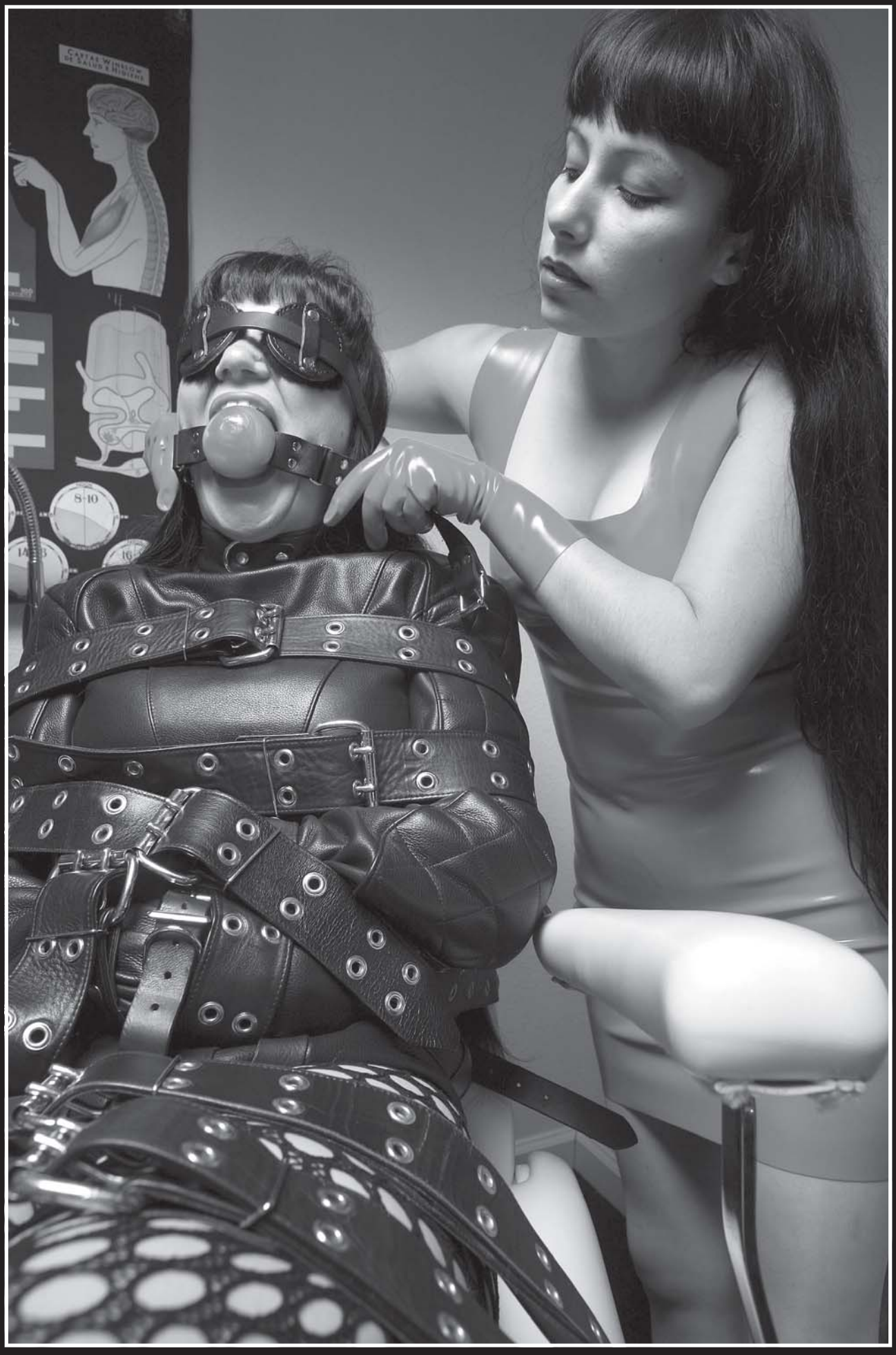
Occupied by Lochai

http://kirinawa.com/occupied.html

Vintage Erotica Ar

Brussels, capital of Europe, where the voluptuous streets offers views to the erotica collectors as never before. The city is now taken over by offices that sit in high towering buildings, but in the small alleys, there are little shops, where the collectors find their treasures - hidden away in shoe boxes, you can find pictures of the glory days of fetish. Original Betty Page pictures are sold in small stores like Nuit de Chine, where Hugues sways his scepter as a King in his Kingdom. Everybody is like family. When a collector comes in to sell, pictures and books are set aside - deals are made and only very few people know about this. Alain W. is one of these passionate collectors and his passion is to ramble in old boxes to find old pictures that he cherishes so much. His heart misses a beat when he finds a small original Bizarre magazine from John Willie. He shouts out his satisfaction when he finds a magazine with Betty Page on the cover. He is one of Belgium most notorious collectors and here we are showing you only a small sample of his immense private collection. To be continued...if anybody would like to get in touch with Alain W. he may write to me: editor@secretmag.com

chives by Alain W.



Sensory Deprivation
Freedom from within

Sensory deprivation facilitates the production of an altered state of consciousness through the reduction of outer physical stimulation and/or movement. Meditation functions in a similar manner to sensory deprivation as they both reduce the perception of external stimulus. The difference, however, is that meditation accomplishes this through mental processes, while sensory deprivation uses a direct manipulation of the individual's physical environment. Bondage, which represents a form of this «direct manipulation», is an integral part of almost any BDSM play scene, yet many players are unaware of the deeper level of «freedom» brought about by the partial, and in some cases, complete, sensory deprivation during bondage scenes. Being bound tightly from head to toe, sometimes almost hermetically sealed in a cocoon of either plastic wrap and tape or a leather or rubber body bag, can be an absolute dream for the severe bondage enthusiast. Achieving complete sensory deprivation which includes complete coverage of the skin, full or partial face coverage, including the mouth, the eyes and the ears, allows the «boundee» complete «freedom» to float into a place of deeper fantasy within the recesses of the mind. Often termed as «sub-space», this is the ultimate mind bending experience. For some, the idea of complete mummification can be terrifying, however, most accept (very willingly!) the use of gags, blindfolds, cuffs, ropes, straps or belts and ear mufflers, etc. incognizant that these bondage tools and toys are also creating a form of sensory deprivation. Releasing control by being blindfolded and gagged allows for that «free-floating» into a sub-space by simply making vision and speaking restricted.

In part one of this article, we will focus on the use of bondage basics and staples, such as blindfolds, gags, etc. and their relation to sensory deprivation. Part two of this article will cover complete sensory deprivation achieved during mummification and some very specialized methods, such as deprivation «boxes» and flotation tanks. Many medical studies and research findings have proven the positive effects of reduction of external stimuli. Some of the many documented results of sensory deprivation research and altering sensory perception are feelings of warmth and love along with the allowance of time for thinking or even entering a trance-like state without distractions. Altered states are ultimately the goal most seek in a BDSM play scene. At this level, the bound and gagged or mummified person is experiencing feelings of «flying». Now, think about the basic items used in the scene which have created these feelings:

Blindfolds: the loss of sight immediately breaks down many barriers, embarrassment or knowledge of what is physically unfolding. Once the eyes are completely covered, the darkness allows a separation from any visual distractions. Now, the Top controls the mind of the bottom, using his/her blindness as distinct deprivation. Any sound, smell, touch or taste becomes magnified without the sight to acknowledge or send a message of pre-evaluation to the brain. Without physical sight, the mind's interpretation of the tactile stimuli is not only heightened, but also confuses all of the other senses. Was that ice sliding slowly over the nipple or an alcohol dabbed cotton ball or maybe a flame from a lighter? In the blindfold, the use the sense of smell or the combination of smell and sound are the only methods the mind can incorporate to decipher how that sensation was caused: ice, alcohol or fire?

Blindfolds (or any sort of eye coverings) cause spatial disorientation, as well. Unable to see in conjunction with other apparatus or furniture in the room, the bottom suddenly feels vulnerable to falling or tripping over objects, which actually may be no where near them. In this scenario, the bottom is completely at the mercy of the Top for walking or moving about, which is a key factor in the realm of trust and exploration of limits during a scene for both the bottom and the Top, as well.

Gags: losing the ability to speak, is a particularly humbling experience. Ball gags, pony bit gags and medical gags impair speaking, yet they usually allow some opportunity of moving the mouth or lips. However, a mouth that is duct taped closed, represents even more sensory deprivation. Without speech, hand signals or pre-assigned safe-gestures are the only method of communication. Complete trust of the Top at this point is imperative to allow further action in the scene. Most bottoms are again, «freed» by this deprivation of speech, since they are «forced» to surrender to whatever is being done without the ability to rebut the action which may seemingly be intolerable, yet becomes acceptable as the scene plays out.

Earplugs and Mufflers: the disorienting effect of the loss of hearing during a BDSM session is extremely powerful. Deafness alters reality from one's ability to decipher sounds into logic sequence. The bottom is no longer capable of identifying sounds of objects being prepared for use, nor able to hear the footsteps of the Top to «locate» their proximity, hence, the level of excitement, anticipation and confusion increases. The mind's natural reaction to these sounds is restricted by the sound muffler or ear plugs , thus the resulting reactions are sudden jolts and jumping in frightened responses to any stimuli. The bottom is set free again to anticipate, imagine and fantasize yet actually never know what is about to happen next, because he/she cannot mentally «prepare» for the action by hearing the toys or tools or footsteps. As with the gags and blindfolds, the loss of hearing requires pre-planned hand gestures for «safe» codes.

Hoods and Head Harnesses: since most designs cover the entire head, hoods act one of the best forms of complete sensory deprivation of sight, speech/taste, and hearing. A hood is a very powerful device. It strongly increases the sense of helplessness, confinement which creates a much more intense sense of deprivation. The

complete encasing of the face and head in a leather or rubber hood adds a feeling of detachment from their identity, as well. The Top shares this aspect of objectivity, by looking at a hooded head, not the recognizable face of the bottom. Here, the sensory deprivation of the visual identity opens another freedom: anonymity, which works for both the Top and the bottom. The Top cannot see the reactions of the bottom, which may alter responses during

the scene actions. Likewise, the bottom is not concern with sending mixed messages with facial expressions. Sometimes referred to as «discipline helmets», hoods are typically constricted of leather or rubber which may have simple zippers and/or laces on the back enabling the hood to be secured more tightly for a greater sense of sight, sound and feel deprivation. The wonderfully dubious nature of the BDSM products creators have ingeniously developed hoods so sophisticated for sensory deprivation play, they contain built-in earmuffs and/or are set up for earphones for «programming» during a scene. Although most hoods are equipped with nose holes, there are some designs which allow breathing only through the mouth hole.
This is a good time to mention that the basic safety rules of BDSM play must always be enforced in any scene, especially sensory deprivation. The responsibility for safety of the bottom remains with the Top, thus it is paramount to arrange safety procedures before engaging in the initial bondage session.

Cuffs and Mitts: albeit, handcuffs, leg cuffs and mitts would not truly be categorized as a sensory deprivation device, when using them in a BDSM scene, that's exactly the result. The inability to move hands and/or feet freely deprives the bottom of basic mobility and the need to «protect» body parts. The immediate response to any sudden infliction upon the body is to cover the area with our hands or run away from the object(s) causing the pain. The deprivation of touch, by having the hands cuffed or mitted, also plays into this, especially, when the aroused bottom is unable to touch for masturbation purposes.

The use of these basic dungeon items, blindfolds, gags, hoods, cuffs and earmuffs, for sensory deprivation alone, is an aspect of the BDSM scene play that warrants conscious methodology. It is the nature of the bondage and scene play to need continual change and development of new practices as a Top and bottom grow more and more experienced, either together or individually. Deeper understanding of the psychological impact of a session is paramount, therefore, in the dynamics of the interaction of Topping and bottoming. Utilizing sensory deprivation as a tool for this understanding, can only add more excitement, higher levels of threshold and more unique connections during any scene.

Body Bags: also known as «sleep sacks» resemble a well-tailored, snug sleeping bag, often made out of leather, latex or spandex. Body Bags are designed to encase the entire torso, from feet to neck in conjunction with a hood, however there are designs that incorporate an attached hood for relatively seamless top-of-head to tip-of-toe confinement. Many of these body bags offer openings for genitals or nipples, etc. for titillations during the session, if the Top so desires. Each variation of these bags have their own unique sensation, such as the aromatic entrancement of the leather version laced to a rather painfully tight configuration or the sensual, dreamlike floating sensation of a fully inflatable latex body bag.

Mummification: places the bottom in a situation of powerlessness and complete sensory deprivation which allows him/her to float off, forget his/her problems, and offer complete trust to the Top. The Top derives enjoyment and satisfaction from the sense of total control and from the knowledge of giving pleasure to the bottom thus balancing the power exchange of the complete mummification process. It is the most complete form of bondage, completely immobile. It encompasses the entire sensory deprivation criteria of all of the five senses.

Sensory Deprivation: Complete Isolation

Providing complete immobility and feelings of submission offered by other bondage techniques, mummification remains exclusive in its unique ability to attain certain physical and emotional elements usually unparalleled by those other methods. While mummified, the bottom experiences a feeling not of being restrained, but taken completely out of the body, as though floating in some astral plane, free from weight, feeling, sight, and sound. The awareness that remains is only of one's essence becoming intensely focused on the minute details of any sensations which may remain such as heartbeat, breathing and/or thoughts. This specialized type of bondage includes the whole body, including the head (using a breathing tube), wrapped tightly with materials such as plastic wrap and duct (gaffer's) tape or elastic cloth or latex bandages until the bottom is completely immobilized. In some mummification wrappings, holes are left open for access to the genitals and/nipples, etc. In advanced variations of mummy play, additional elements such as plaster casting, unique gags, catheters, and/or electro-stimulation are incorporated into the mummification scene.

Basically, the most popular method for mummifying is with plastic wrap. There are many techniques for wrapping, but the easiest for starting out is wrap the arms and torso first, then the head and last are the legs so the bottom can be guided to a prone position, unless the Top decide to attach the bottom upright to a post or wall. One of the

more enjoyable aspects of mummification is the fact that it is usually quite a long procedure. Wrapping a bottom in any type of material is a lengthy process, which adds even more emotional and psychological elements to the entire session. The Top can use this as a mind control play, slowly wrapping various parts of the body, further driving the bottom mad from the impatience of awaiting completion. Many Tops love this aspect, as well as the «freedom» they are allowed by having their bottom «nicely preserved» for an hour or so, to enjoy a good book or make fudge! Regardless of the situation, mummy play takes time, patience and an absolute understanding between Top and bottom of complete trust and safety, since there is an absence of the usual forms of communication used to verify the bottom's responses.
Other methods of complete sensory deprivation are the use of deprivation «boxes» and floatation tanks. These highly sophisticated methodologies were developed in scientific and medical experiments going back in history for both health treatments and investigation of human mental and physical aptitudes. The boxes were designed with complete sound proofing, sealed from light or smells, allowing only oxygen in for breathing. Many in the BDSM community have created their own adaptation of these boxes for their own personal sensory deprivation play, including electro-stimulation devices, controlled on the outside of the box by the Top and/or light spectrum flashing for mind altering effects and/or speakers which can be turned on and off for music or any choice of sounds administered by the Top. The complexity of these deprivation boxes are only limited by the imagination of their creator.

Flotation tanks have been used in clinical studies worldwide and in medical institutions from Harvard to hospitals. Utilizing highly salinated water in completely soundproof and lightproof «tanks» allows a person to literally «float away». Lying back, the body floats effortlessly on the surface. The concept is that the muscles no longer need to struggle against the constraints of gravity. As the muscles release that tension, it is replaced by a sensation of floating weightless and free, as an astronaut in zero gravity conditions. Continued research from the medical

and scientific communities of the effects and reactions of flotation tanks has proven an increase in the production of endorphins. The endorphin (discovered by National Institute of Mental Health, U.S.A. researchers in 1976) is literally the essence of pleasure. The body's endorphin level triggers the feeling of being happy, so it is sometimes referred to as «the body's natural opiate». Therefore, endorphins produced while floating create intense feelings

of well-being, as well as improving many of the higher brain functions such as memory and learning.
Needless to say, this «fall out» from the medico-scientific world is being recreated in the bondage and mummification play of BDSM. Swimming pools have become a mainstay for the latex clad and wrapped sensory deprived bottom, craving the ultimate experience of the floatation tank. Many have gone to even further, building in their own individual obsessions and passions inventing elaborate bondage versions of these sensory deprivation flotation tanks. Safety issues abound as they do in all forms of the consensual role play of BDSM, underscoring the need to engage in this only with supervision and under the watchful eye of a trusted participant.
Sensory Deprivation… it's a tool, it's a pleasure device, it's a personal development process yet in the BDSM and D/s communities, it is the deepest, most personal and spiritual entrance into a space that only a fortunate few will ever experience. Freedom from within…

MedicalToys.com is a website and mail-order catalogue selling unique medical fetish devices. In 1998 Laural & Sebastian Wood began their now internationally renowned website. They have been featured on television, radio and in many major magazines, both in the U.S. and Europe and Canada. They have been in the BDSM Scene for over 20 years. MedicalToys.com continues to bring a fresh, positive outlook with exciting, innovative ideas and products to the Pansexual, Bisexual, Heterosexual, Gay and Lesbian BDSM Communities.

RDER FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Chad Michael Ward

AUTOPSYROTICA
A journal of Sex + Death

Chad Michael Ward seems to me like the sort of man I would like to know better. Not only has he a special vision of life, death and all that goes with it, he also has talent. Yeah, everybody is telling him that.... but it's true... it's rare when I see a book or a picture that tells me a story... that moves me... but his work does exactly that. I want to know more...I want to look further than I did...so, this second book "Autopsyrotica" is a real jewel in an ocean of junk. Take my word for it. Order and dare to tell me that I'm wrong.....you'll see....it's damn good....

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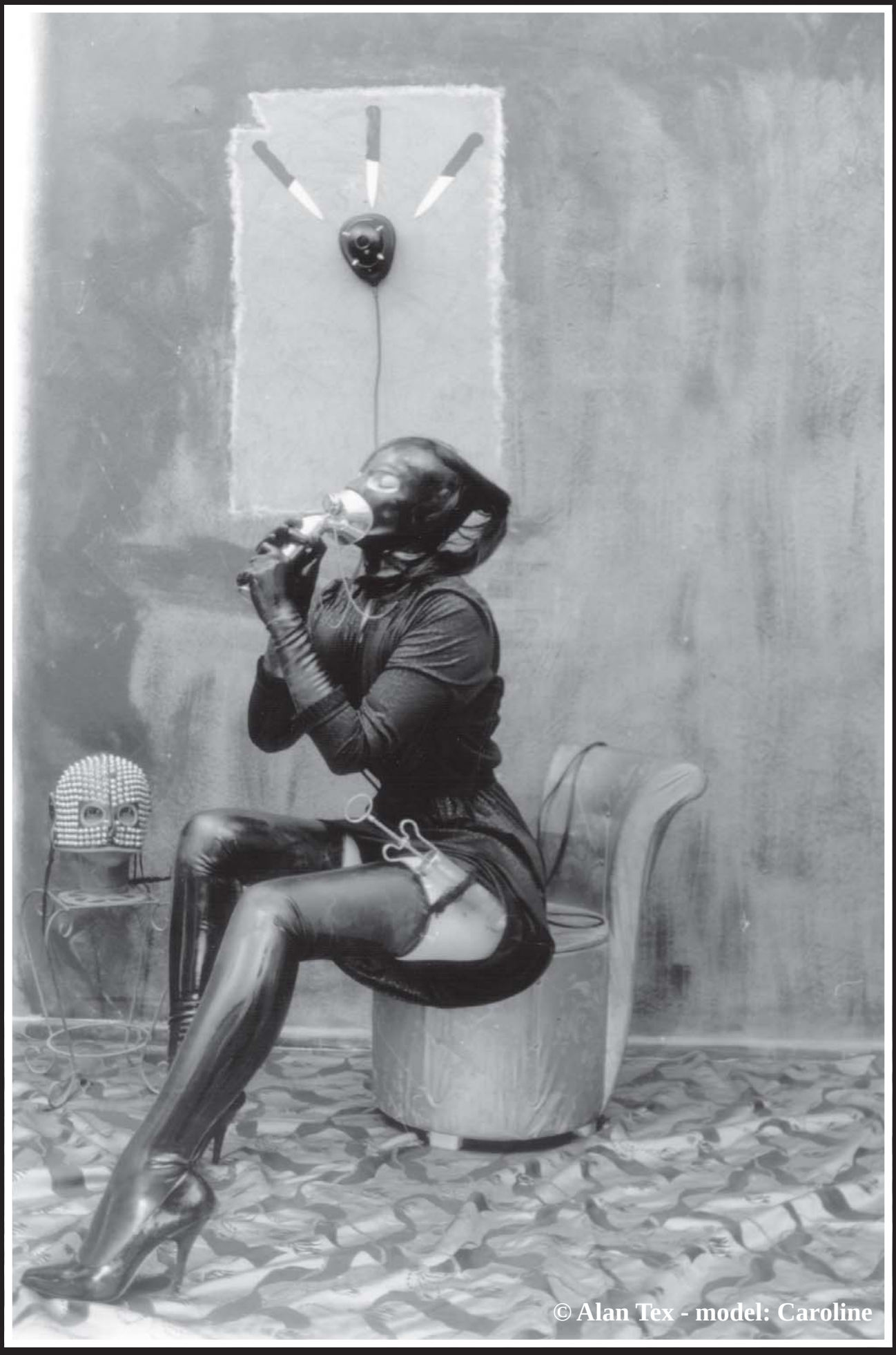

© Alan Tex - model: Caroline

Shining Your Latex Garment

Shining Your Latex Garment

The shine of your garment can be enhanced with a silicone-based polish or other rubber/vinyl conditioners. Do not use oil-based lubricants! They can destroy the material. Use a soft cloth when polishing; an abrasive cloth could scratch the fabric.

During the first treatment, mist one side of your garment with the conditioner, and then let it sit until almost all of the conditioner has been absorbed. Then flip your garment over and repeat on the other side. You can wipe any excess off with a soft cloth. It may take two or three treatments to achieve a nice shiny, mirror-like finish. For transparent garments, you will probably want to treat the inside of the garment also. This will increase the transparency.

For subsequent treatments, simply spray the latex with STP's Son Of a Gun (or whichever rubber conditioner you are using), and wipe off with a soft cloth.

Wearing Latex

Latex is a fragile material, and can tear easily if pulled too hard in one place. It will be easier to pull on your garment if you dust the inside of the garment with talc or baby powder, or treat it with the same conditioner you used to shine the outside. You may want to wear light cotton gloves if you have long fingernails. Slide your hand flat between the skin and the garment and pull away with your whole hand, shifting the latex as you do so. Repeat and shift until your garment's in place.

Stay away from flame and fire (and cigarettes) while wearing latex: the material burns very easily. Also avoiding handling light colored latex after handling copper, brass, or bronze, as these can discolor latex.

Cleaning and Storage of Latex

Wash your garment in clean warm water, with no soap or detergents. Wipe with a soft towel, and lay the garment flat to dry. Store your latex in a dry place, away from heat and sunlight.

Dealing with Tears

When dealing with latex, a small tear can very quickly become a large one. Don't despair if your latex begins to tear! As long as you repair the rip when it is small the garment will still be usable.

To patch a tear in your latex garment, you will need the following items: rubber cement, a medium grain sand paper, rubbing alcohol, and a small latex or rubber patch.

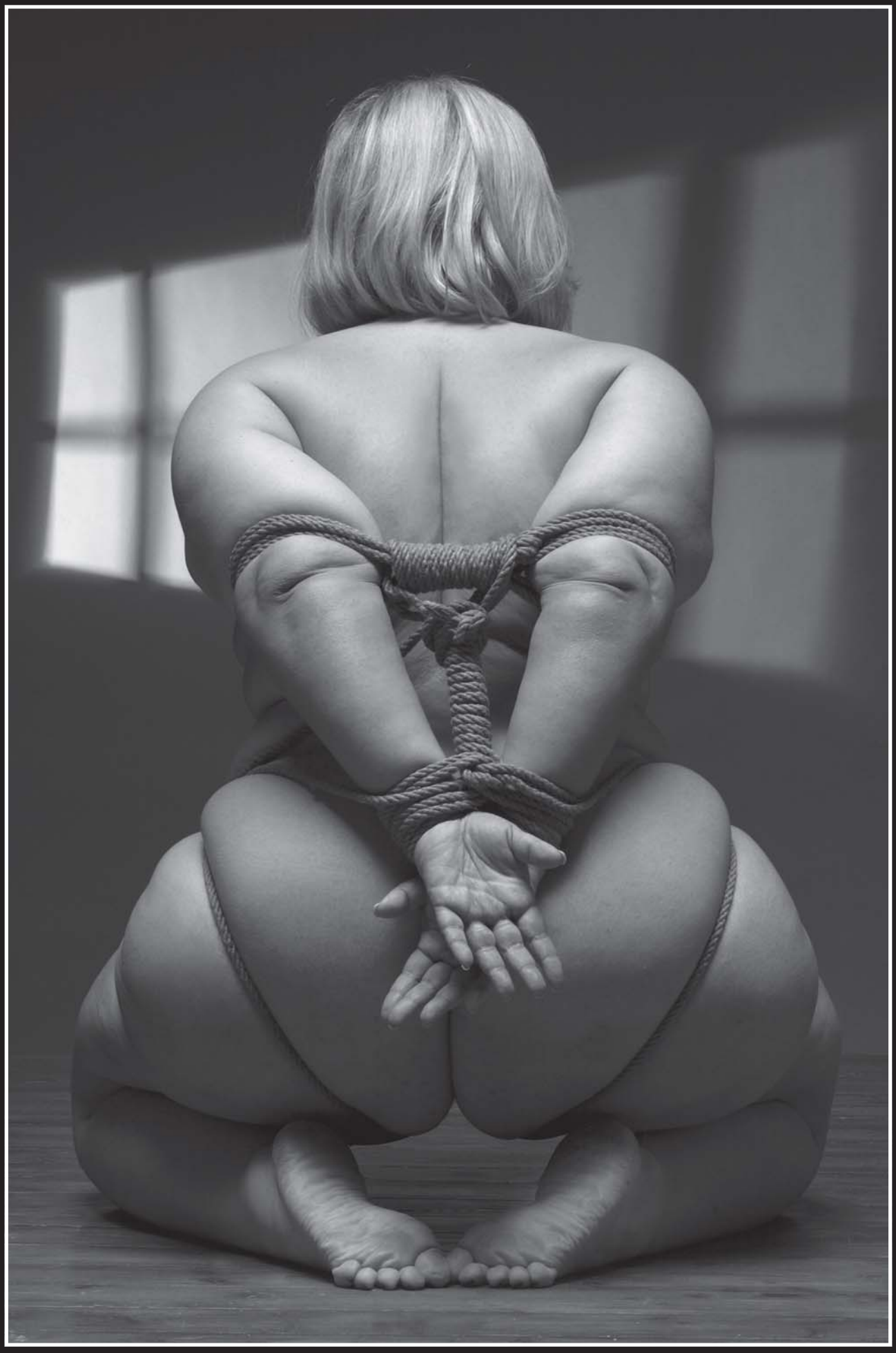
First clean both surfaces that you are going to glue together with the rubbing alcohol (If there is STP's Son Of a Gun, or another rubber conditioner, residue on the surfaces you wish to glue, prolong emersion in soapy water may be necessary to clean the latex).

Your next step is to lightly buff both surfaces with the sand paper. This will enhance the strength of the bond.

You're ready to apply the glue! The latex will curl up, but don't worry, it will gradually uncurl as it begins to dry (you might have to help it uncurl if the latex has stuck to itself). For this reason, it is better to glue a small part of the patch at time, rather than the whole thing at once. When the glue is still tacky, but not wet, you want to press the two surfaces together. Run your fingers down the seam, or roll a pen or other cylindrical object down the seam to remove all the air. Let your latex dry for a couple hours (overnight if possible) before testing the patch.

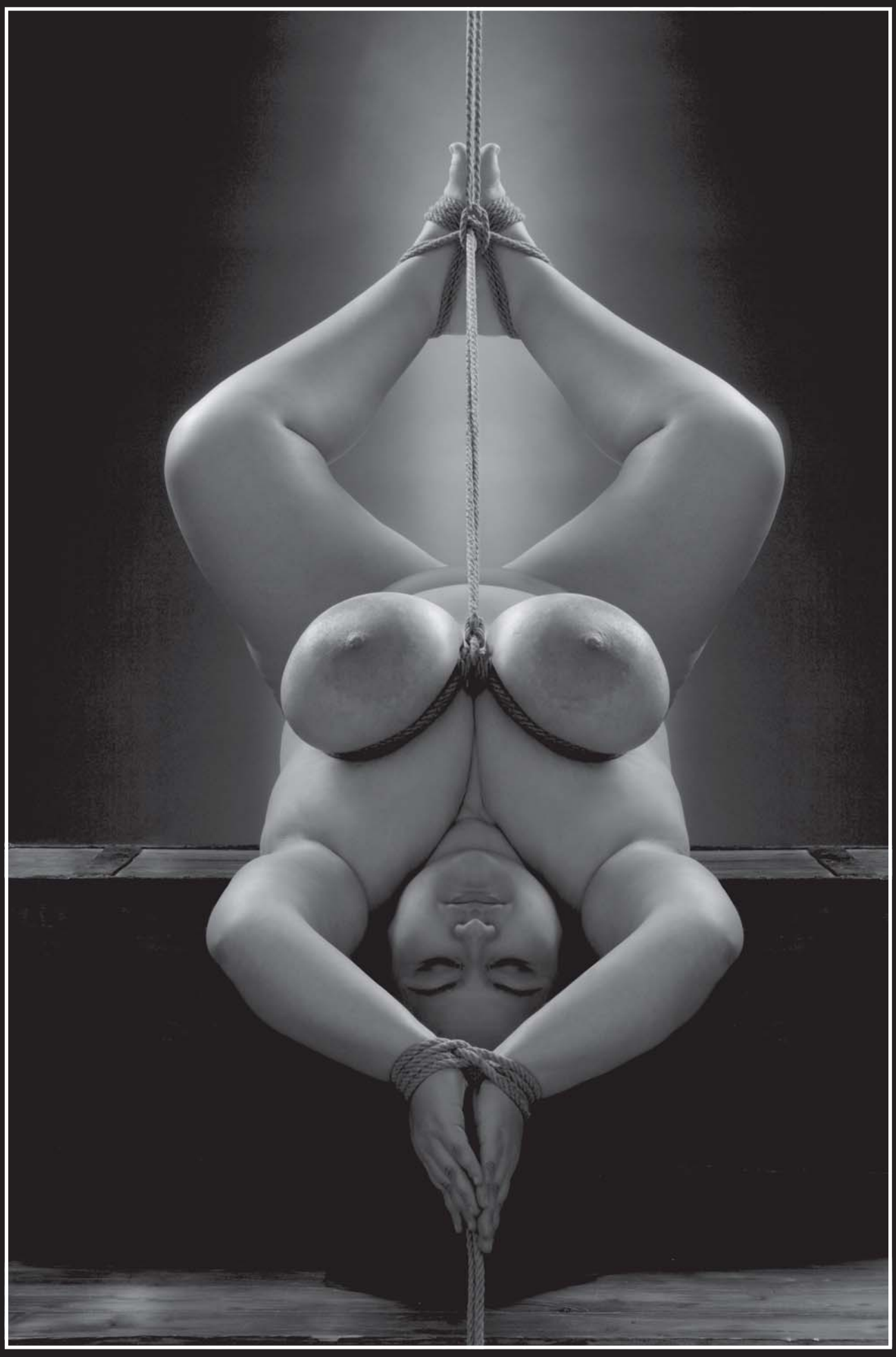
Latex can be a very rewarding material. With proper care and handling, your garments should last a long time!

Picture left page and this page
© Alan Tex - model: Caroline



Alberto Lisi

I push the boundaries of beauty through the nude images of very abundant women, realized in a very sculptural and essential way with the help of hemp ropes, according to the ancient Japanese art of *Shibari*. The already generous curves are exalted by the pressure exerted by hemp rope, and emphasized by the games of lights and shadows, without giving any type of aesthetical or moral judgment on unusual proportions or on the binding itself.



VIOLET WANDS

BY KEN

A while ago someone was asking about wanting to include electricity in their play. I responded to that with the admonition that electricity is not something to mess with unless you know *exactly* what you are doing. I also mentioned one of the safer electrical devices that some include in their play, namely Violet Wands. I may get a bit «techie» for some of you, but I believe firmly that in D/s play you you should know as much about what you want to do with someone *before* you do it! Violet Wands have been around for some time. I have seen some old ones at yard sales that go back to the 1930's and they are still currently produced. They have been used as quack medical machines, skin and muscle toners/ relaxers, etc. (We just like them because of the way they light up a sub's eyes!) They are devices that plug into the wall and convert the household electricity into high-frequency, high voltage. This voltage may be upwards of 30,000 Volts! The electricity is transfered to the willing (or not so willing) subject in the form of myriads of small sparks.

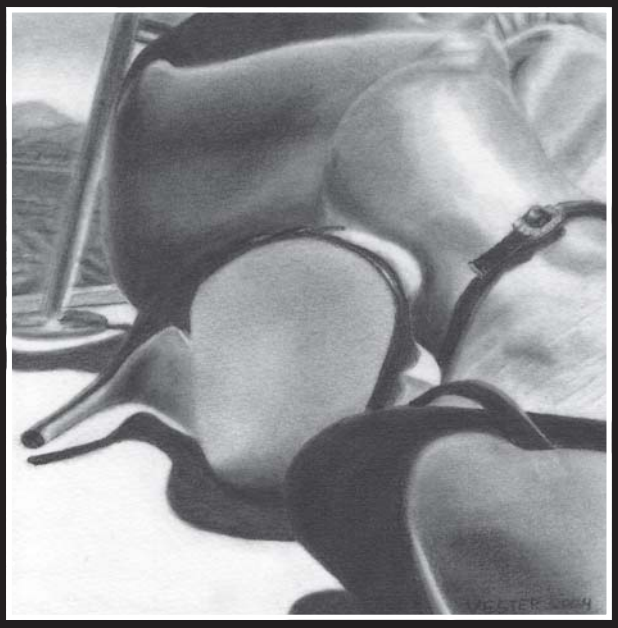
Technical:
Ordinary household electricity is a low frequency alternating current and is *extremely* hazardous to come in contact with! The Violet Wand «transforms» the household current by means of what is called a Tesla coil. At the «business» end of the wand is a detachable glass tube filled with Argon gas. When Argon is is excited by a high voltage, it glows with a purple color, hence the name Violet Wand. I have heard of other gasses being used and glowing with different colors. These tubes come in different sizes and shapes... more about attachments later. It also makes a nice evil buzzzzzzzz.
The reason the electricity from the Violet Wand is relatively safe is due to two major items.
1.Because the electricity is going through the glass attachment there is not a direct connection from the sub to your wall outlet. This is a *good* thing!! We want the eyes to be wide... not popped out of their sockets!
2.Because the high voltage produced by the wand is at a high frequency, a phenomenon occurs that is called the «skin effect». Without going into the details, basicaly what happens is that as the frequency of an AC voltage increases, the depth to which that the electricity penetrates a conductor (whether copper wire or human) diminishes. This helps to keep the electricity from the Violet Wand away from internal organs, etc. where electricity just doesn't belong.

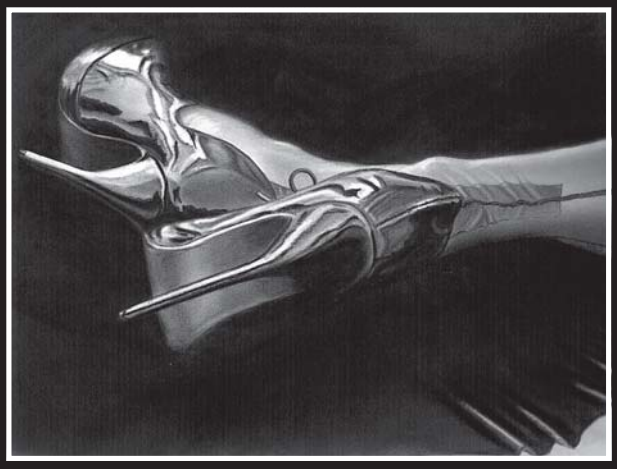
Attachments:
Violet Wand attachments come in various shapes and sizes. I have seen glass attachments in the shape of a mushroom (probably the most common attachment), a comb (or rake) shape, a «Y» shape, etc. There is also a *metal* tube attachment.

Using the Wand (or how *not* to!)
Common sense prevails here. Remember too much of anything can be a bad thing! The sparks from a Violet Wand can be applied most anywhere on the body although one should make a point of avoiding the head and eyes. Experimentation is in order! Remember though, the glass tubes are made out of fairly thin glass... do *NOT* insert them into any body cavities!!! Should you need to clean your attachments just wipe them off with a damp rag, the glass is not dishwater safe. Avoid too much exposure in one spot at any time. The Wand produces sparks that irritate the skin and the glowing tubes also produce Ultraviolet light. You can produce a localized sunburn!! I remember watching someone play with a Violet Wand once and the next day the women he used it on had redness and blistering on their chests that lasted for least a week. The Violet Wand produces *real* sparks! Some clothing is *very* flamable! Alcohol vapors (you shouldn't be drinking and playing!) could ignite. (btw some clothing may have metalic threads... zap one spot and it goes all over! Don't leave it turned on and laying down unattended. Some Doms use the mushroom attachment and hold the Wand between their legs and with one hand grasping the mushroom attachment. They then trace patterns on their sub with the fingers of their other hand..quite erotic!!

Safety:
As I have already stated don't insert the glass tube into body cavities. Many are interested in the metal tube attachment because of the much more intense «jolt» as well as it is not an attachment that will break. This attachment must be used with *great* care!! In general I have to recommend against it's use in play. In every Violet Wand I have examined, I have found that *all* exposed metal parts (and this includes the metal tube) have a direct connection to the AC line, and hence, are a shock hazard! If you are insistant on using the metal tube attachment, purchase what is called an «Isolation Transformer», available from most Geek supply stores[DEL: . There may be confusion to some sales people as to just what an Isolation Transformer is. It is *not* an Autotransformer, *nor* does it raise or lower the AC line Voltage. An Isolation Transformer has *no* direct connection from it's input (Primary) to it's output (Secondary).
When playing with a Violet Wand do so in a place where neither party can come in contact with water pipes, radiators, metal frames of buildings, electrical conduit, etc. This will help avoid the risk of shock. Do not use it on someone unable to communicate to you when they are in distress. Do not use it on someone with a heart ailment or pacemaker. Use your head!!

Disclaimer:
The above is not intended to recommend use of a Violet Wand and those who do so do at their own risk. The above is intended solely to inform others about Violet Wands and to provide information about what they are and how they work.





Jens Vester

http://www.art.vester.dk/

Ever since he was a teenager, this Danish, self taught artist, wanted to draw beautiful women with long legs, dressed up in high heels, corsets and suspender belts. He started out to draw from pictures he found in books and magazines and through the years he perfected his special graphite technique with the result you can see here. His absolute dream is to achieve perfection in material resemblance and composition so that the one who is looking at the drawing wants to touch and feel it. As you can see, he is mainly drawn to art where reflections on glossy surfaces are important. Some of his work is for sale on his website.

Jens Vester

http://www.art.vester.dk

POLICE PROCEDURE

by Debs Tapper

After she snapped the leash onto his collar, she blindfolded him.
Siggi kept his head bowed. He caught a brief glimpse of gleaming leather boots with straps and metal bands and impossibly high heels, then the blindfold covered his eyes and slim hands buckled it firmly around his head.
Something hard and cold and smooth - it wasn't a whip; it felt too much heavy - tapped his shoulder. "Stand up, animal."
He stood up obediently and allowed her to led him out of the correction cells, his heart beginning to beat with nervous excitement.
"Is this the animal, the one we were told about?" another voice asked.
The lust in the low, sensual tones made him tremble, made his balls contract.
"It is. This is SW12."
There was something else under the lust - something like hunger. But before he had a chance to think about it, the icy gloved hands were running over his body, exploring every inch of him. He quivered and clasped his hands behind his head, spreading his legs as he'd been taught so they could examine him.
"Such a pretty animal..." one of the women purred. "So vigorous..."
"And a Grade One Recommendation!"
There were three of them; he could feel six hands stroking his flesh. Siggi stood very still and quiet as cold fingers felt his muscles, squeezed his buttocks and pinched his nipples, but when a hand closed around the base of the large metal butt plug and began to twist it gently while other fingers cupped his sore, bruised balls and stroked his hardening dick, he couldn't suppress a soft moan of desire.
He gulped and bowed his head in shame, expecting a reprimand or a demerit, or at least a stroke of the whip; but the women just laughed.
"Perfect!"
"Bend over, animal. Put your hands on the floor and spread your legs."
He did as he was told, catching his breath in a shocked little gasp as the fat plug was yanked roughly out of him.
"Stand up straight." A hand slapped his bottom. "Hands behind your back, pretty animal."
Siggi put his hands behind him and felt a pair of ice-cold cuffs close around his wrists, sealing with a soft click.
"Come with us, animal." A jerk on the leash.
He walked forward, trying not to stumble, completely naked except for his collar and the blindfold, his erect dick bumping against his belly. They laughed again and touched him lightly, sliding frozen fingers over his balls - Then they took him down to the lower levels.
Siggi heard the lift doors whisper closed then felt the lift descending. He braced his feet on the cold floor and trembled, hoping Nemesis hadn't changed her mind and decided to condemn him to the menial pens after all. He was sure his session with the Disciplinarian had been satisfactory: surely she wouldn't have him sent away like this without a word...?
"Our pretty animal's sweating."
A hand touched his shoulder. Slim fingers strayed over his skin, caressed him. "Poor thing - it's frightened. Are you frightened, pretty animal?"
Siggi hesitated, unsure whether he should answer or not. They had asked him a question, but hadn't given him permission to speak.
It was all very confusing.
"Yes, Supreme Sister," he whispered.
"Supreme Sister..." the woman repeated. The words came out like a sigh, a caress. "How many years since we were called Supreme Sister...?"
Siggi shuffled his feet, aware of a growing sense of unease. "Permission to speak, er, Mistress..." he said, wondering how he should address them.
Another soft ripple of laughter. "Permission granted."
"If you're not Supreme Sisters, then what..." he swallowed, blushing scarlet at his own audacity. "What are you?"
Chilly fingers closed around his dick, squeezed him until he gasped.
"It doesn't matter what we are, SW12. All you have to do is obey."

© All pictures by Black Jack

"SW12... What was your name, SW12?"
"My name... Mistress?"
The cold hand began to rub him and he groaned as his dick responded. "Your old name, SW12. What were you called back on the surface?"
"The surface..." the third woman cooed in his ear, slipping her fingers under his collar. "What did you do on the surface, SW12?"
"I -" Siggi stopped and bit his lip, a fresh wave of colour flooding his cheeks. Something was terribly wrong here. "Please, I have to report back to my Trainer," he said, stammering a little. "Mistress Nemesis - she'll miss me -"
A hand pressed against his lips, silencing him, and he smelled the heady fragrance of rubber. "Afraid you're going to get into trouble?"
"Poor little animal!" Cold fingers walked down his spine, slithered over his skin. "They told us you're always in trouble, SW12."
"Nemesis won't miss you." The hand tightened on his collar. "You're with us now, SW12. So tell us your old name."
"Siggi Weiss, Mistress," he croaked, struggling for breath. "I was an architect -"
The woman gave his collar a hard jerk, almost choking him. "You will address us as Madam," she hissed.
When she let go of his collar again Siggi fell on his knees, pressing contrite lips against the cold floor of the lift. "Permission to beg your forgiveness, Madam!"
"Permission denied." A sharp spiked heel dug into his back, pushing down between his shoulder blades and keeping his face squashed against the floor until the lift had completed its descent.
Eventually it stopped and the doors hissed open.
"Come along, SW12." One of the women gave his leash a hard tug. "No, don't get up - stay on your knees."
It was hard to shuffle along the corridors with his hands chained behind him, and Siggi's knees were aching by the time the women stopped. He knelt with his head bowed as the security grids whined open, then they tugged at his leash again and he shuffled in after them, hearing the grids - there must have been at least five of them - close behind him.
A hand ran over his head, stroking his fluffy blond hair. "Stand up, SW12."
He stumbled to his feet and stood with his head down, quivering with an exquisite combination of anticipation and terror as they unlocked the cuffs.
"Put your arms by your sides and spread your legs, SW12. Now - raise your arms up."
He did as he was told, stopping at a word from one of the women when his hands were level with his shoulders. Heavy cuffs snapped around his wrists and he was aware of being fastened to some immoveable object; then he felt shackles close around his ankles.
"Good little animal," a voice purred.
"Shall we take off its blindfold? Let it see us?"
Fingers unbuckled the straps, removed the padded leather blindfold - and Siggi blinked. The room was completely black: he couldn't see anything.
Slick rubber fingers ran over his body, caressing him, and he felt his dick stiffening again.
"Turn the lights on - SW12 can't see us."
"Put your head up, animal." Fingers slipped under his chin, tipping his head up as thin tubular lights flickered on all around him. As the room flooded with radiance, Siggi saw the lights were set into the sides of a series of slender circular metal pillars that ran down the centre of the room, arching up into the roof.
"Look at us, SW12."
They were identical. Three gorgeous goddesses wearing cropped, military-style black rubber jackets, brief dark blue rubber skirts that just skimmed the tops of their slender thighs, clear rubber stockings with thin black seams held in place by buckled rubber garters, spike-heeled boots - and not much else. A wonderful assortment of corrective equipment - handcuffs, whips, paddles, electro-sticks - dangled from the heavy black utility belts slung around their hips and official-looking dark blue caps with black plastic brims sat on their bobbed red hair, while pierced metal shades concealed their eyes.
But it was the clear bands around their necks with their multitude of tiny winking lights that made Siggi stare, made his mouth fall open in amazement and shock. He gazed at them - and suddenly he was back in the examination chair, sweating and climaxing while Nemesis forced a burning hand inside him and two freezing beauties very like these worked on his dick with icy, enthusiastic fingers.
"You... you're Nurses..." he whispered.
One of them unclipped an electro-stick and held it in front of his face, pressing a button on the moulded grip. Blue sparks flickered across the surface of the thick baton and Siggi flinched.
"Not today, SW12." The three of them spoke in unison for the first time, the eerie harmony making the roots of Siggi's hair prickle. "Today, we're Morality Police - and there are three of us this time."
Siggi gulped, his eyes glued to the woman standing in front of him, the live electro-stick hissing gently in her hand. He realised he had been staring at her inviting crimson lips and lowered his gaze hastily, then found himself looking at the open front of her jacket, at the rounded

swell of her large breasts. "Morality Police, Madam?" he managed, unable to tear his eyes away from the hard buds of her nipples, pressing against the shiny, clinging rubber. His mouth felt dry with excitement.
"We're charging you with several counts of serious indecency and copious crimes against modesty, SW12."
The thought that he wouldn't have minded being arrested by the Morality Police if they'd looked anything like these magnificent women flashed into Siggi's mind and made him blush scarlet. The woman must have read his mind, because she smiled and lowered the electro-stick, and Siggi gave a shocked squeal as the tip just brushed the swollen head of his dick, sending a sudden flash of pain all the way down to his feet and up to the roots of his hair.
All three women laughed.
"Poor little animal," they mocked.
Siggi blinked away tears. He shrank back from the women and gave a few futile tugs at the chains, then looked around

him for the first time, wondering where they had taken him.
He was in a large room, chained between two of the pillars, his legs held apart by a spreader-bar. Tapered oval capsules lined the walls - there had to be at least thirty of them - each one taller than he was and looking easily large enough to contain a man. They seemed to be made of translucent plastic and had a small individual control panel set into the side - all except for the smooth, featureless metal pod directly opposite him that glistened under the lights as though it had been coated with oil. A mass of pipes and tubing snaked over the floor or coiled across the ceiling, linking the capsules to the solitary metal pod. Siggi glanced at it, but found the dull, oily-blue sheen somehow sinister and looked away again, his eyes settling on the neighbouring capsule.
There was something inside it.
He blinked the last of the tears away and focused on the shape, his eyes finding the line of a long smooth leg, a hairless head...
The women followed his eyes and all three smiled.
"This is where we Sleep," they said. "Until the Supreme Sisters want us."
"Sleep, Madam?"
"And when they do want us, they send one of their creatures to define us before they wake us up."
"Define you...?" Siggi's eyes slid back to the still, hairless figure in the capsule.
"We have to be defined before we're woken, or we have no identity, no function." Icy fingers stroked his back. "But the Sisters didn't want us this time. Someone else woke us up..."
Siggi pulled at his chains again, feeling very scared but still hopelessly aroused. "Please, Madam - please let me go!" he said anxiously. "I have to go back -!"
One of them put long slender fingers against his lips, silencing him. Siggi could see his face reflected in her perforated metal shades. "Back to Nemesis?" she growled. "Back to the Supreme Sisters?"
Another pressed against his back and wrapped her frozen arms around his waist, fingers slipping down to curl around his dick. "We were Supreme Sisters once, SW12."
The cold fingers massaged his stiff shaft and Siggi groaned, closing his eyes as her lips touched his throat.
"Don't excite the animal too much," one of the others cautioned. "Not until we're ready."
The woman gave Siggi a last squeeze that brought fresh tears to his eyes, then licked his neck and stepped away from him reluctantly as one of her companions took a small hypodermic gun and an ampoule of clear fluid from a pocket in her utility belt. She clipped the ampoule into the gun and advanced on Siggi, a pitiless smile on her beautiful, flawless face.
"This is going to hurt, SW12."
Siggi whimpered as she reached down and grasped his tender balls, rolling them between her fingers, then clenched his teeth as the needle pricked against his flesh. It did hurt.
"Poor little animal..." Cold fingers stroked his cheek, smoothed his hair back from his sweat-soaked forehead. "But it's over now."
Siggi was still shivering, his body drenched in sweat. "Per-permission to speak, Madam," he said between his chattering teeth.
"Permission granted."
"What have you done to me...?"
"Only a little injection." Crimson lips kissed him; a tongue flicked his earlobe. "Now we wait until it takes effect."
They clustered around him, running gloved fingers over his hairless body, tracing the smooth lines of his muscles. As the pain faded, Siggi was aware of a marvellous feeling of warmth between his thighs that slowly radiated outwards, seeping into his belly, his chest... running all they way down his legs and growing more and more intense until even the very tips of his fingers and toes were tingling.
"The animal's ready," one said. She licked her lips greedily. "Ready for us."
Siggi didn't particularly care what they did to him now. All he was conscious of was the wonderful heat suffusing his body. His dick jutted up stiffly against his stomach, feeling

harder and larger than ever before, and when one of the women slipped a freezing hand down between his thighs to fondle his bulging balls, he thought he was going to explode.
"Now, where shall we start?"
She squeezed his balls and he groaned.
The other two were running their fingers over his chest. They scratched and pinched his nipples until he was red-faced and panting, then the one who had been playing with his balls knelt down in front of him, grasped his bloated dick in cold hands and began to rub it. She yanked

at his dick and tugged at his balls, twisting them, digging sharp nails into his sensitive flesh, then lowered her head and bit the sensitive tip of his shaft, drawing blood.
Siggi squealed, jerking against the chains.
"Filthy creature!" Sharp nails raked over his chest. The icy contempt in her voice made him groan, made his balls tighten. "We're going to punish you, SW12. Do you want to be punished?"
"You may answer." The kneeling woman lapped up the mingled beads of blood and semen with a greedy tongue then squeezed his scrotum until his eyes filled with tears. "Do you want to be punished for your sexual misdemeanours, SW12?"
"For your transgressions," the other woman added, licking his neck. "For your crimes against decency."
"For your improper thoughts and polluted appetites." The first one ran her tongue over his chest and Siggi moaned as her lips closed on his left nipple. "For all the delicious, perverted little dreams you have when you're hooded and chained in your sleeping-cage..."
"And your craving for punishment -"
"We're going to punish you, SW12. Do you want to be punished?"
"Yes!" Siggi burst out. "Yes - please punish me, Madam!"
"Do you admit your crimes, SW12? All of them?"
"Yes, Madam!"
"And why do you need to be punished, SW12?"
Siggi closed his eyes, lost in a world of painful pleasure. Greedy lips had fastened on both his nipples, sucking and biting them until they throbbed, and all the time the slender, freezing hands were crushing his dick and squeezing his balls. "Because I'm a disgusting, perverted animal, Madam!" he gasped, his whole body awash with bliss.
One of the pairs of lips left his chest and spiteful fingers pinched his raw nipples, making him whimper. "Open your eyes, SW12."
He obeyed, his eyes widening as he saw the broad black paddle thrust under his nose.
"Kiss it, SW12," the woman ordered.
Siggi pressed his lips against the paddle obediently, his dick aching for release.
"Beg for it."
"Please beat me, Madam," Siggi whispered, his cheeks flushing with a mixture of shame and excitement. The paddle was made of leather stretched over a metal frame - it was going to hurt!
"Louder, SW12 - I didn't hear what you said."
"Please beat me, Madam! I'm a disgusting, perverted animal that needs to be punished! Please - please beat me -!"
The first stroke of the paddle made him hop; made him cry out in exquisite agony. She paused between strokes, letting him anticipate each stroke of the paddle, until he was hanging from the chains and sobbing, his poor bottom scarlet and sore.
"Good little animal." A deactivated electro-stick slid slowly down the length of his chest, the tip nudging against his shaft, and Siggi groaned again. Every sense seemed to have been heightened to the point where he thought he would climax instantly if they so much as touched him. He moved his hips, rubbing himself against the stick and making the women laugh.
"So impatient, SW12?"
The woman raised the stick to her lips and the very tip of her moist pink tongue emerged, touching the end of the stick then circling around it slowly. Siggi whimpered, unable to tear his gaze away from either the stick or the teasing tongue. All he could think about was how good that tongue would feel circling the throbbing head of his shaft.
The woman smiled. Then she drew the electro-stick gradually down her own body, spread her silken thighs and - to Siggi's amazement - slid the stick slowly up under her short rubber skirt.
Siggi's eyes almost bulged out of his head. He gaped at her as she moved her hand further, closing her eyes and giving a sigh of pleasure. He couldn't see anything - but he could imagine the rounded end of the sizeable electro-stick butting against the delicate folds of her flesh.
Parting them. Sliding slowly up inside her...
The other two moved in like sharks, kissing her lips and plunging their tongues into her mouth. Eager hands opened her jacket and exposed the large, luscious breasts, nipples pierced with little gold studs.
Siggi just gulped, staring at the forbidden delights with wide blue eyes
The two women caressed her superb breasts with eager

fingers, tracing their full contours, then their heads swooped down and they kissed them, running their tongues over her smooth skin, licking and biting the stiff pink nipples. One of them put a hand over hers, took control of the electro-stick and began to twist it, while the woman closed her eyes in ecstasy and poor Siggi moaned and thrust his hips against the air, his dick standing up straight and hard, aching for release.
The stick reappeared, wet and glistening with fluids, and Siggi stared at it longingly.
"Dirty little animal," the women cooed. "Do you want to kiss it, SW12? To lick it? To put it in your mouth and suck it?"
Siggi could scarcely believe his ears. He didn't trust himself to talk so he nodded instead, keeping his eyes fixed on the dripping electro-stick.
"Then beg for it."
"Please let me suck it, Madam," he whispered.
They laughed at him. "Later, SW12. You can lick it clean when we've finished with it."
They stepped behind him and he sucked in a sharp breath as smooth gloved hands parted his muscular buttocks, fingers gliding over the tight pink pucker.
"Do you want it, SW12? Do you want it inside you?"
The electro-stick nudged against his sphincter.
"Push your hips back, SW12," one of them ordered. "Slide yourself onto it."
Siggi's head spun. He stuck his bottom out obediently, gasping as the fat electro-stick slid up inside him,

lubricated with the woman's fluids. It was cold from her body - ice cold - but the mild discomfort only served to heighten his pleasure.
"Now pump your hips... No, harder - fuck yourself with it! That's right, SW12. Show us what a filthy, nasty, dirty little animal you really are."
She stayed standing behind him, working the electro-stick with casual twists of her wrist that made him groan while the other two played with his helpless body. He heard a soft click as the kneeling woman unclipped the electro-stick from her belt, followed by the soft hiss and crackle of sparks as she switched it on.
"Dirty little animal..." she murmured, setting the stick to the minimum charge and running it down the entire length of his rigid dick. "Do you like that, SW12?"
"Do you like this?"
The stick embedded in his bottom crackled into life, sending a delicious shockwave of pain through his whole body. Siggi wailed and shivered and dragged at his chains, caught between extreme suffering and extreme arousal. He felt dizzy, light-headed with lust and excitement. Electro-sticks hummed against his balls or drove in and out of his throbbing anus while cruel nails gouged at his dick and sharp teeth bit his nipples. He could feel his whole body rushing towards climax and flung his head back, arching his spine, readying himself...
But the explosion never came. He writhed between the metal pillars, tormented and aroused almost beyond endurance, while the incredible, earth-shattering climax waited just out of reach.
The third woman snagged her nails in his hair, yanked his head round and fastened her mouth over his. He felt the urgent pounding of her tongue against his lips and opened his mouth, allowing it to plunge deep inside.
"Is the animal ready yet?" a voice asked. "Can we Distil it?"
"Almost." The hungry tongue explored his mouth. "It won't be long now."
The shocks from the electro-sticks intensified, making him sob in frustration. There were two of them working on his bottom now, taking turns to ram the sticks in, each set to a different intensity. Siggi squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his fists, jerking his hips as hands tugged at his dick and the thick batons stretched him almost beyond endurance - but he still couldn't come.
An electro-stick slithered out of his bottom with a crackle of sparks and he cried out; then one of the women was thrusting the deactivated stick under his nose and smiling at him with hard eyes.
"Suck it, SW12," she ordered. "Show us your oral skills."
Her words penetrated the storm of lust and Siggi stared at her, his eyes circles of disbelief. "S-suck it, Madam...?" he quavered.
"You begged to suck it, didn't you, SW12? Don't you remember?"
Cold hands worked on his dick, a sharp jolt of pain shooting through his rectum as a live electro-stick pushed against his ring, sheathing itself deep in his body.
Siggi gave up. He shut his eyes tightly, opened his mouth - and the woman slid the electro-stick between his lips with delicious slowness, forcing him savour every inch of his degradation.
"Suck it," she hissed. "Run your tongue all over it. Taste it, SW12."
The kneeling woman forced his balls into her freezing mouth, and Siggi felt them tighten and shrank in the cold confines, heightening his arousal. He whimpered and ran his tongue over the electro-stick, tasting the lingering sweetness of the woman's body mingled with the strong musky flavour of his own.
"Good, SW12." She reached down between his legs, took hold of his engorged dick and began to rub it with strong, deliberate strokes. Siggi groaned and sucked at the soiled electro-stick, pumping himself against her icy hand, desperate to come.
"I think this animal's ready to Distil."
Siggi was barely aware of them unlocking the cuffs and leading him across the room towards the smooth metal capsule - he was completely lost in delicious floods of ecstasy. Every part of his body seemed to be on fire, seared by wave after wave of bliss, and he was poised on the very brink of orgasm. One of the incredible women kept her hand on his genitals, her crimson lips slightly parted, her cold fingers massaging his dick and squeezing his balls while the other two manoeuvred him into the capsule and closed the lid.
It sealed with a hiss of air, and Siggi was aware of a sharp prickling all over his body, as though he was being pierced by thousands of tiny needles. It was agonisingly painful,

but at the same time it pushed his arousal to extremes he'd never even dreamed of. He closed his eyes, enjoying the erotic torment for a few moments, then plunged his trembling hands down between his thighs, still chasing that elusive climax.
His fingers had barely curled around his bursting dick when the lid crashed back and strong hands grabbed him, dragging him out of the capsule. He was hoisted into the air, flung over a broad shoulder and carried out of the room, the security grids slamming shut behind him.
"Is the animal still alive?"
Siggi groaned as the man dumped him on the floor unceremoniously.
"It's all right, but it's very weak and it's drugged up to the eyeballs - this should fix it." A needle jabbed deeply into his balls, making him yelp. "Looks like we got here just in time."
Siggi opened his eyes, blinking in confusion. The lovely women had disappeared, replaced by these two hulking men with their pierced noses, tattooed heads and branded stomachs who were glaring down at him in contempt from behind their little round goggles.
Somehow, it didn't seem like a fair exchange.
The grids opened again and the men stiffened, reaching for their electro-sticks; then they relaxed when they saw three of their own kind emerging from the prohibited room.
The newcomers came striding over, holstering their electro-sticks. "Is the animal all right?" one demanded.
"It'll live. It's taken neat Euphoria, but I've given it a shot to counteract the effects. Where're the Sleepers?"
"Back in their capsules." His lips twisted in a sour smile. "They'll sleep even more soundly after feeding on a Grade One Recommendation!"
The other men nodded in agreement. "There's a big difference between a Grade One Recommendation and some poor Grade Six Adequate that's been brought up from the menial pens because it's too broken down to work any more."
"Well, we know how the animal got in." One of the newcomers held up a slim tag. "I found this lying on the ground by the grids."
"That's Class A Security Key!" Another man took it from him with a low whistle then rounded on poor Siggi. "Where did you get this from, animal? And who told you how to define the Sleepers?"
"Who gave you the codes, SW12?"
"And the Euphoria - don't you know that's a controlled substance?"
Siggi just stared at them in bewilderment.
The man gave a grim smile. "You're in big trouble, SW12," he said. "This level and everything in it is strictly off-limits to anyone without Class A Clearance. Right now, I wouldn't trade places with you for anything!"
"The Supreme Sisters will have to be careful to keep this animal away from the Sleepers." The speaker was the man who had injected Siggi. "They've tasted it now."
"The real difficulty's going to be keeping SW12 away from them." The man stowed the tag away carefully, sealing it into a pouch on the sleeve of his dark blue plastic jacket. "You know what these animals are like after they've been tasted. Remember that rubber pet that belonged to Mistress Athena? It was only a Grade Three Standard, but it was a nice-enough little animal."
"I remember." The words were accompanied by a harsh smile. "Two of them got at it somehow - we couldn't keep it away from them after that. The stupid animal spent all its time trying to sneak away... It even stole a Security Key in the end."
"What happened to the rubber pet, Sir?" Siggi whispered. The wonderful arousal had faded away, leaving him feeling small and rather sick.
"It got in here and they drank it dry," the man said shortly. "Poor creature! It'd taken Euphoria before it came down here, just like you had, so it was too excited to think straight. They got it even more aroused then drained every last bit of its sexual vitality until there was nothing left but a useless husk - which is what they were doing to you."
"Oh." Siggi bowed his head.
"That's what you animals don't understand about Euphoria." The severity of his voice made Siggi cower down in apprehension. "It's not a pleasure drug. The Supreme Sisters use it for training - and for punishment. It makes every sensation feel about a hundred times more pleasurable, but you won't be able to climax, no matter what happens to you."
"Which is exactly how the Sleepers like it." One of his colleagues snapped a leash onto Siggi's collar. "Come along, SW12," he said sternly. "You're going to give Mistress Nemesis a full account of your disgraceful conduct since the Disciplinarian left you; then she can decide on a suitable punishment."
He jerked the leash and Siggi crawled after him.

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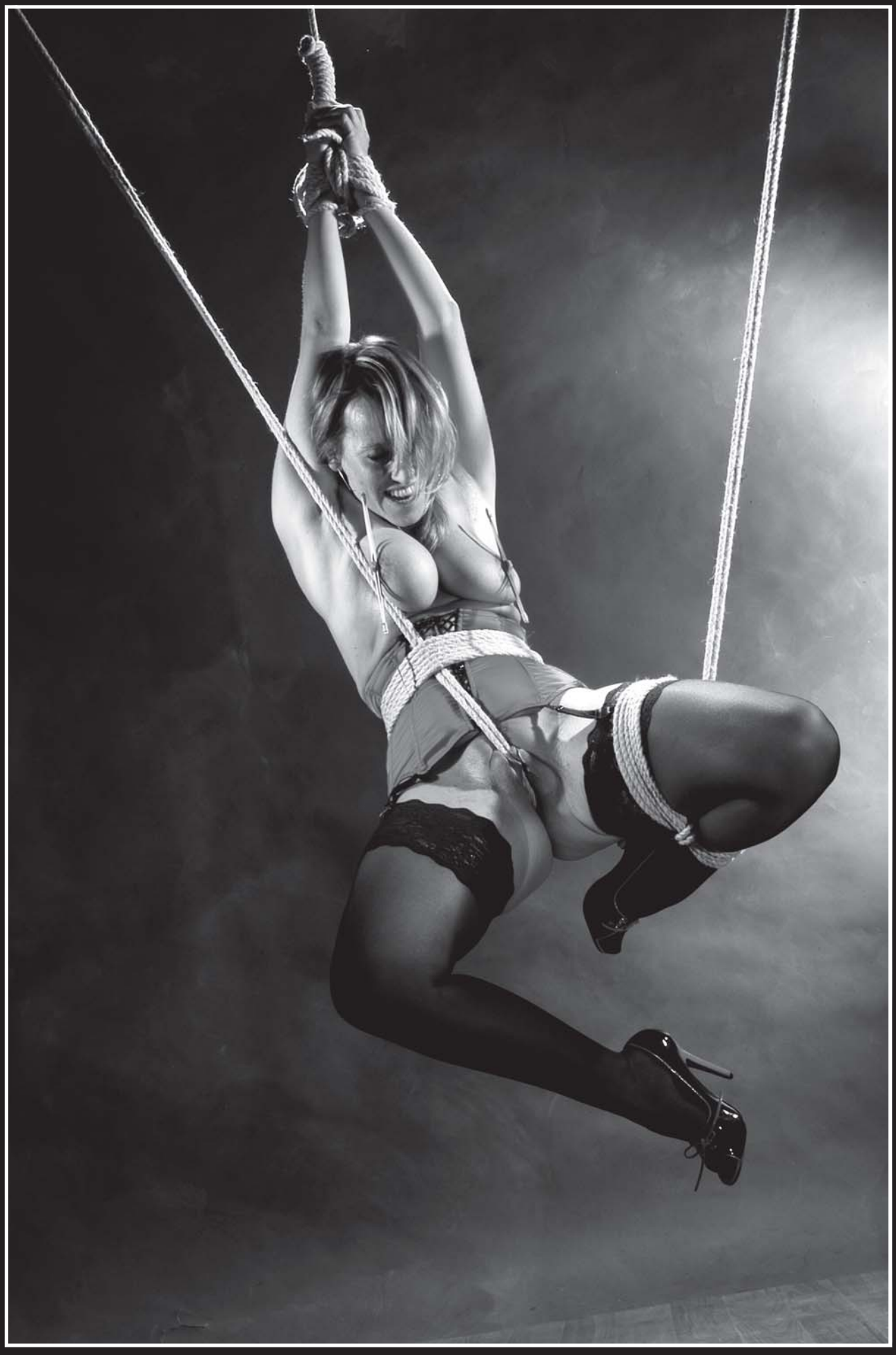

Venus in Furs

The real story of Leopold and Wanda

As an experiment I recently went out to one of the large bookshops in the West End and asked if the had anything by, or about, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. None of the assistants knew what I was talking about, and eventually I was passed on to one particular man, rather elderly and academic looking, the sort of man who looked as if he should know anything and everything there is to know about books, and I repeated my request. 'A politician?' he asked eventually, after much head scratching and repeating of the name. He is of course the man who put the 'M' into S&M, as well all know, don't we?

This blank reaction is hardly unusual and it is probably fair to say that if Dr Krafft-Ebing, one of the original sexologists, hadn't coined the term 'masochism' then the name of Sacher-Masoch would now be almost completely forgotten. Even now his name survives only because it is yoked forever with that of the 'infamous Marquis', the silent partner in the oddest double act of all.

This relative obscurity was not always so, in his time Sacher-Masoch was at the heart of the world of European letters. His name was put forward as a worthy successor to Turgenev, and his works were read from one end of the continent to the other. He wrote extensively, novels, short stories, philosophy, history, he also wrote for the stage, both for the theatre and for the opera. He was the nineteenth century man of letters par excellence, yet even before his death his steady slide into obscurity was well advanced. Who then was Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, and why the rapid descent into limbo?

Leopold von Sacher-Masoch was born on 27th January 1836 in Lemberg, at the time the capital of the province of Galicia of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, (now Lvov and part of the Republic of the Ukraine). His was an aristocratic background, and his ancestors, some of whom were Spanish, held high positions in the lumbering bureaucracy of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. At the time the empire was in ferment, revolutionary ideas and uprisings were in the air and all of this had a profound effect on young Leopold, whose father was Chief of Police in Lemberg. Stories of violence and torture were commonplace, a natural part of an environment in ferment. This real violence was matched in one of the other great influences on his life were the stories and the folklore of the teeming nationalities around him: Galician, Polish, Jewish, Hungarian and so on. These tales, often blood splattered legend, had a great impact on his life, and an influence that was never to leave him, as we shall see.

An able student, he became a historian, being appointed Professor of History at the University of Graz when just out of his teens. In 1857, at the precocious age of twenty-one, he wrote his first work, the catchily titled, '*The Rebellion Of Ghent Under 7he Emperor Charles* V'. But this was not history in dry academic style, he wrote with a novelist's eye, in a short punchy style that appealed to the general reader more than to his staid university colleagues. The frosty reception it received from his colleagues, who saw it as soap opera and not history, was enough to convince him that his future lay in the written word and not the dry as dust history expected from a serious scholar. Exit one historian.

At this moment he turned to the tales that he had grown up with, the dark peasant tales of the Galician countryside. Tales of great barbarism, of heroes and villains, of strange magic and above all of extraordinary women, powerful women, cruel women, women who flogged and burned and crushed and looked all the more beautiful and defiant for it. Leopold turned his hand to fiction, writing history as he wanted it, fleshing out the past in all the gory and incredible detail that had so inflamed his imagination as a youngster. These stories soon began to earn him a name, and it was a vein of work that he saw to it's logical conclusion in *'The Venus In Furs',* the first, and most

famous, example of 'masochist' fiction ever.

*'The Venus In Furs '*is the story of a young man, Severin von Kusiemski, who falls in love with a rich and beautiful widow, Wanda von Dunayev. He is so in love with her that he wishes nothing better than to be her slave, to be trampled underfoot by he. He sees her as a cruel and voluptuous mistress, dressed always in furs to bring out her full animal instincts. But this isn't your everyday story of boy meets girl, girl beats boy, boy loves girl. There's more to this tale of erotic submission than first meets the eye, and in many ways it is the key to Sacher-Masoch's whole life.

Wanda von Dunayev is not a strict mistress, she is not the bitch-queen that every submissive so heartily desires. At the beginning she is reluctant to play the games that Severin wants, she is afraid of what it will awaken in her and what it will do to the love she feels for him. But Severin is insistent, he worships her, covers her body with the finest furs and falls to his knees to kiss her feet. He wants the whip, wants to suffer martyrdom at her hand, (the religious imagery is ever present). Finally she beats him, whips him till he faints away and then caresses him, afraid of all that she has done. She soon discovers that the more she beats him, the more pain and humiliation she inflicts, the greater is his love for her.

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The logical conclusion is to make him her slave completely. He draws up a contract with her, making himself her slave, and as an added flourish he signs a suicide note so that his life is completely in her hands. She then takes him as her servant whilst they travel together to Florence. There she threatens to take a lover, tormenting Severin all the more, yet still his desire for her is unabated. She meets a handsome Greek, takes him as her lover and has him beat Severin viciously with a whip before they leave together, tying up like a dog before abandoning him forever. By the end of the book Severin has been cured of his 'super-sensualism', he realises that in love there is a 'hammer and an anvil' and that from then on he is 'the hammer' and will always be cruel and aloof to his women.

For it's time it was a strange story and it was soon the talk of all of Europe, translated into a dozen languages and going into many editions. It was the novel that made his reputation and it remains the only one of his works still in print in English. But if it seems the work of a fevered imagination, too outrageous to be taken seriously then think again, for it was in fact based on a good deal of truth.

In 1869, before *Venus* was written, Leopold received a letter from a Fanny Pistor, Baroness Bogdanof. They met and soon Leopold saw that she might be amenable to his particular ways. Just as in his novel there was a contract, between the Mistress and the Slave, in which the Slave gives himself up to her desires -for a period of six months. Just as in the later novel, Leopold was to be called Gregor, and the Mistress promises to wear furs as much as possible. Mistress and Servant travelled to Italy where Leopold encouraged his Mistress to take a lover, an Italian actor called Salvini. And in due course Salvini grew angry with the obsequious Gregor and beat him, much to Gregor's delight, for he records that he gratefully kissed Salvini's hand.

This mingling of real life and fiction was an ever-present part of Leopold's life, and it is sometimes difficult not to regard him as like a child, playing games and mixing fantasy and reality with joyful abandon. The affair with Fanny did not last long, but it served in part to inspire him for *Venus.* But it was a search for a real *Venus In Furs* which increasingly occupied him, and find her he did, or rather she found him.

Leopold was often the recipient of long letters and manuscripts from eager female admirers, and he, eager to find his perfect mistress, wrote back effusively to any that sounded likely. It was to one such, signing herself Wanda von Dunayev, that he began an increasingly passionate correspondence in 1871. The correspondence stopped as suddenly as it began, and in mysterious circumstances he was asked by a second woman to return the letters he had received. He agreed, but only on condition that it be done face to face. This was agreed, they met at eleven one night, on a darkened street comer in a sidestreet. Leopold was eager to meet this contact, convinced that she would be a means for him to find the Wanda that had written the initial letters.

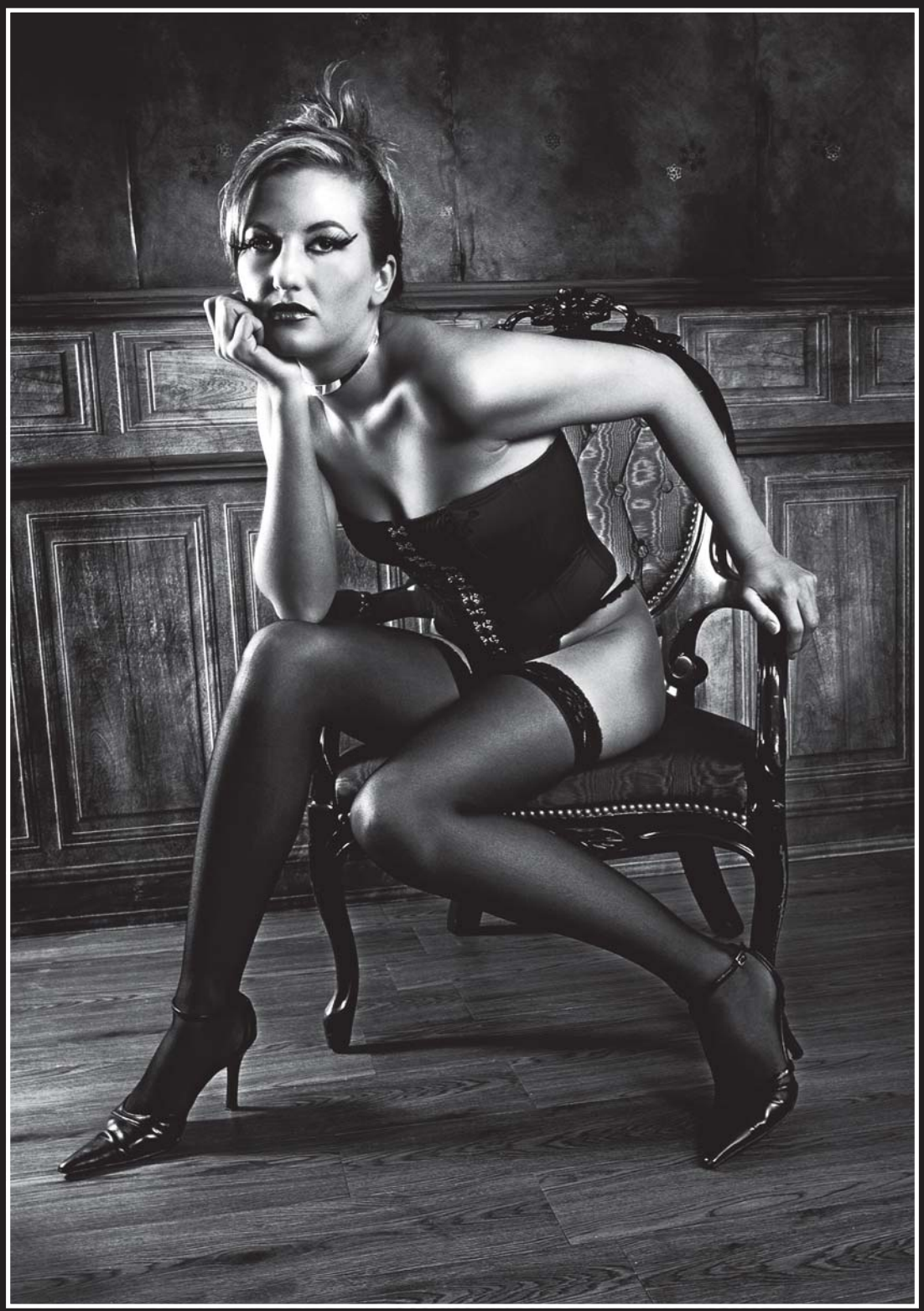
After this initial meeting Leopold was in rapture, he had forgotten about the first Wanda, the writer of the original letters and was now madly in love with her emissary. At the rendez-vous she had agreed to continue corresponding, and soon Leopold was completely infatuated, writing to her every day, long letters filled with all his thoughts and ideas, so much so that it began to interfere with his work. When he fell ill, (and for most of his life he was afflicted with nothing more than a very severe case of hypochondria), this new Wanda, the mysterious woman he had seen only once, and even then she had been veiled, agreed to meet him. Aurora Rümelin was poor, lived alone with her mother, and took in sewing to make a living. Yet she had told Leopold that she was locked into an unhappy marriage to a soldier, in a vain effort to keep the effusive author at bay. Leopold imagined her to be a refined and imperial lady, the woman of his dreams, his *Wanda.* The rocky tale of their marriage, and eventual separation, has been ably chronicled by the lady herself, her *'Confessions Of Wanda Sacher-Masoch'* details, very readably, their long and stormy marriage. In it she describes how Leopold's obsessions with furs, flagellation and betrayal grew stronger as time went on. He ceased writing, unable to concentrate on anything but the aching desires burning deep inside him. Eventuality Wanda had to whip him cruelly to get him to work, and yet as soon as he tasted the lash he was a new man, happy, hardworking,

affectionate, loving.
But, just as in the novel, he wanted more from his Mistress. The marriage was soon under strain again as Leopold began insisting that Wanda take a lover. When she objected he told her that it was her right to take a lover, and that he wanted her to take a lover. He was constantly on the prowl, searching out the mythical Greek that would take his wife, to prove to her how worthless he was as her slave. When she didn't want to play he'd get angry, or sulky, and stop working, even if it meant living in constant poverty. It was this that eventually destroyed the marriage, a marriage constantly under strain as Leopold sought to impose his fantasies on reality.
Long after they had split up, long after Leopold had stopped writing, when he was already almost forgotten, he and Wanda would still write to each other. It was as though there was something inside of them, something in each of them, that could never be broken. There was no love, not even affection, but still they wrote, sniping, needling each other but never calling a halt to it all. A sado-masochistic relationship in every sense, not just the obviously sexual one, it continued till the end.
By the time Leopold died in 1895 he was a tired and lonely old man, increasingly prone to vivid hallucinations. His desires became more extreme; he longed to suffer the agonies of the Christian martyrs, to die at the hands of a beautiful creature in absolute agony. One day he had strangled his pet cat, squeezing it to death as it scratched and clawed for life, ripping his hands and face in it's agonising fight. He had to be whipped several times a day, the whips embedded with hooks or nails, or his body pierced with red-hot needles or his body slashed with knives or razors.
He died of heart failure on 9th March 1895. Obituaries were published all over Europe, but his star had waned long before that. His writings had become increasingly clichéd, peopled with the same characters, always the imperious queen-bitch clad in furs and treating humanity with cruel abandon. Of his prodigious output only *Venus In Furs* stands out, the peak of his career, encapsulating all his obsessions in one slim novel. Currently there are no biographies, no academic studies, no collected works in the library, all in stark contrast to the industry that surrounds the Marquis de Sade.
Sacher-Masoch gave his name to *algolagnia,* the love of pain, but was this a historical accident or did his sexual preferences illuminate something beyond one man's particular inclinations? In any SM relationship the key lies in the power relations between the Master and the Slave, and so it was with Leopold and Wanda. He was the slave, to be whipped and humiliated, to prostrate himself before his Mistress, to kiss her heels like a dog, but yet he remained the master of the house. He signed the slave contract, the contracts that he wrote himself, but it meant nothing. It couldn't stand up in a court of law, it was an act, a necessary part of the fantasy, as much a part of the ritual as Wanda donning her heavy furs and wielding the whip.
He was also very much the creative force in their sexual relationship, it was his fantasy, his reality. As in many SM relationships it's the submissive that calls the shots, the reversal of roles is a ritual, the limits of which are delineated by the slave. The master acts out the fantasy that the slave has mapped out. Ritual was central, the contracts, the humiliations, the words; all the elements of a true SM relationship are there, a complete and integral part of the relationship.
And in the elaborate fantasy that was Leopold's life we find other strands that are worthy of note. The fetish elements are as pronounced as the pleasure-pain elements; in fact he could not imagine one without the other. For him the woman clad in furs was the most erotic and sensual image imaginable, every movement, every stroke of the whip was amplified, made more sensual by the fur jacket, the *kazabaika* that his heroines were clothed in. I've yet to come across any modern fur fetishists, but substitute rubber, leather or PVC and his desires are entirely modern, and quite understandable to any reader of this magazine!
Finally we can search for the origin of Leopold's desires, what was it that made this extraordinary man so different from his contemporaries, a man who was in many ways in advance of his own age? As mentioned earlier one source was certainly the thick and bloody strain of folklore and stories he heard as a child. The stories of the martyrs, the sufferings of the early Christians, the religious guilt, all were part of it. The echoes of these stories continued to appear in his work right to the end, long after his successes had faded.
But why the *Venus In Furs,* where did that specifically come from? He himself tells a story that as a young man he saw his favourite aunt, Countess Zenobia, (dressed in furs of course), take a lover into the house. Leopold watched from a closet as his uncle caught the two lovers, and then with fascination he saw his aunt smack her husband in the face before sending him and her lover away. When she caught young Leopold spying she was furious, she threw him to the floor and beat him vigorously, during which he experienced «a most delicious and acute sense of pleasure». It was a pleasure that was to last him throughout his life, and could it be that he was trying to recreate her perfect image in everything that followed?

By Pan Pantziarka

I have a theory about blood. Blood is the only physical part of us that actually comes the closest to touching our soul. This is why there is so much energy that can be activated by using blood. So, in sharing blood with another person, I am actually sharing the most intimate physical part of myself that keeps my body alive. Intimacy on that level is a turn on. Plus, there is the pain aspect as well in a mutual sense. We both cut, we both bleed, we both drink and we both connect. Then there is the absorption and absorbing aspects to it. To be consumed and to consume another is the ultimate state of union and there again, is the intimacy. Just as long as you know with who you are blood playing with....

Eric Martin



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The Veiled Lady, her slave and The Realm of No Return

by Claudia Varrin

He had read the glossy brochure about the only Female Supremacist nation in the world over and over; its pages no longer crisp from frequent handling. He took several months to decide if he really wished to fulfill his fantasy of giving himself over entirely to a Superior Female, or to just let it remain in his fantasy world. Because he did not have a Mistress who would extend her protection to him, if he went he would have to go as a state slave. This scared him very much but the more he thought about it, the more he liked the idea of being totally controlled and at the mercy of his Female Betters. Finally, he surprised himself and boldly decided to apply to be a state slave for six weeks, a time that encompassed the yearly celebration and the week long holiday the following month.

What a time he dreamed it would be! A time when there would be many Mistresses visiting from around the world and several state slaves would be needed to serve in the dining room, bar, and nightclub/dungeon, to clean, pull rickshaws, shine boots, and execute a myriad of tasks and chores for The Royal Court and the Mistresses. Maybe he would be put on display as the public whipping boy for a day, or chosen to be a horse-less Mistress's pony. There would be lots of competitions, including an egg hunt, the best red ass contest, and a slave of the year contest. Games would be played and there also would be a slave auction. As property of the state, he hoped with all his heart that he would be put on auction. The thought tantalized him and kept him up many a night before his departure.

After making the long trip, he was met at the airport by the state van and rode for more than two hours through endless countryside to reach the Realm of the Female Supremacists. Panic hit him. He was far from «civilization» in a country where he didn't speak the language and he had no «means of escape.» Fear welled up in his throat but he swallowed it down. The driver spoke English and told him that he had been to the Realm seven times before this and he greatly enjoyed serving there. This was very comforting to the new slave and encouraged him to ask the driver many questions, most of which the driver didn't answer with anything more than an enigmatic smile.

When they turned off the highway, the driver proceeded up a road that led farther out into the countryside. The van breasted over a small hill and there, at the top, was the Realm of the Female Supremacists. Entirely enclosed by a high hall, entry to the Realm was through two huge wooden doors with cast iron hinges and braces that swung wide to admit cars and vans. The driver honked and the gates opened. The driver parked at the farthest end of the parking area, leaving the closer parking spots for visiting Mistresses. The driver opened the trunk, gestured to the new slave that he should remove his luggage, and pointed to the cottage where he would register for service. Suddenly filled with trepidation, the new slave stepped over the threshold with his heart pounding so loudly in his chest that he thought the slave behind the desk would hear it.

But the polite efficiency of the registrar slave was reassuring and he quickly felt himself regaining his confidence. The desk slave handed him a copy of the Realm's rules and made sure that the new arrival read each and every one of them before signing on the dotted line. The new slave was relieved to see that the printed rules reiterated that state slaves were to be dressed at all times, unless as directed by one the Realm's Females or by another Mistress as her plaything. He happily signed the paper and handed it back to the desk slave.

After a short wait, another state slave appeared and led the new slave to the slave quarters. The room was small and spartanly furnished with two sets of bunk beds boys' camp style on opposite walls, two small plain wooden wardrobes for clothes and a table with a lamp between the bunk beds. Although small, the quarters were considerably more luxurious than he expected. He was relieved to see a pillow, blanket, and towel on each bed; he thought he was going to be made to sleep in the stable and cover himself in straw to keep warm! After that, the state slave showed him where the state slaves' communal urinals and showers were. Again spartan, but clean with mirrors for shaving. Sharing the small room and being in the company of other state slaves while they were not in use by the Realm Females and visiting Mistresses was heartening to him. He felt by meeting other brave fellows who came as state slaves that they could be supportive of one another. Again, his confidence went up a notch and he was happy about his decision to «risk it all» and put himself at the mercy of the Superior Females of the Realm.

Just before the slave auction was to start, he was informed by one of the Realm's Females that his term of service would be tentatively for one month, dependent on the satisfaction of the Mistress who bid the highest amount for him. He was further informed that his auction would only be open to the few Mistresses in residence that long. This would limit the number of Ladies who could bid on him but it would also mean that he would get extended training. Most of the slaves up for auction had a four to twenty four hour limit on their usage. His joy was as great as his apprehension as the time of the auction drew closer.

The auction took place in the stable. All of the slaves were led in shackled to the slave in front and behind him and were not released until it was their turn to climb up on the podium and «sell» themselves to the Mistresses. This took him totally by surprise. He thought he would just stand there and one of the Realm's Females would expound upon his virtues and possible uses but that was not so. He was required to tell the Mistresses about himself, include any special talents he had, and if possible, demonstrate them. After seeing one slave show off that he was double jointed, another state that hard canings

and whippings were his favorite desires, and yet a third begging to be trained to be a pony, he felt quite at a loss. What special talents or qualities did he have that would compare to those? As he was released from his shackles and pushed toward the podium, he had an attack of nerves. Little did he know that this was going to be his «selling» point.

Only four Mistresses were going to be in attendance for the entire month of his tenure as a state slave. He said his slave number, nine, then stammered out his name, Oliver, which made the Mistresses' laugh. He blushed deeply but carried on. He said that this was his first trip to the Realm of the Female Supremacists, indeed it was his very first encounter with Superior Females, and that it was his sincerest wish was to be trained as the Lady pleased. His desire was only to please and he would do his best to please the Lady in any way he could. This little speech earned him another laugh. One of the Mistresses commanded him to turn around so they could get a better look at him. Another ordered him to put his back to them, bend at the waist and spread his cheeks. This deeply humiliated him but he found that this inspection of his most private part made him very aroused.

The bidding began. At first the bidding was desultory and one Mistress did not bid on him at all. The Mistress who placed the second bid caught his attention. Dressed in all black, she wore a veil that concealed her entire face although her long red hair hung loose and flowing down her back. Instead of calling out a new bid for him, she raised her fan to indicate her increased bid. Shortly after that, one Mistress ceased to bid on him leaving only the Veiled Lady and another Mistress. Dare he hope that the Veiled Mistress outbid the other? The auction finished very late in the afternoon because of the large number of slaves for sale, and when the Veiled Mistress outbid the other Lady, it was almost time for dinner.

He served her at dinner, but during that time he didn't get to know anything more about her until she told him how she wanted to be addressed, «Devi.» While she ate, she raised her veil up just far enough to make eating comfortable and keep her veil clean. Her gestures were eloquent and she carried herself with an air of dignity and aloof sophistication that held him in thrall. After she dined, she ordered him to retrieve his things from the slaves' quarters and to meet her in her suite. He rushed to do her bidding and as he packed, he spoke excitedly about his sale to his ex-bunk mates. He raced back to La Domaine and presented himself at her suite. She opened the door and he dropped to his knees to crawl across her threshold. He put his things where she pointed while she watched him, accessing him.

She waited until he was kneeling at her feet to remove her veil. He saw her beautiful face with its high cheekbones, straight nose and generous lips; she held him in her green eyes and yet she remained unknown to him; mysterious, feminine, alien, utterly desirable. Her neck was long and lovely, and as graceful as a swan's. At the base of it were a dozen strands of warm, glowing pearls; their entwined strands of varying lengths were serpentine and almost barbaric in contrast to the subtlety of her appearance. Transfixed, he remembered distantly that Devis loved pearls. The Devi's quarters were a suite of two rooms, one a nicely equipped dungeon and lounge area and the other an elegantly appointed bedroom for her. He was her only slave and she had paid a handsome price for him. He would do his best to remember and adhere to the instructions of his initial trainers, the Realm's Females, and to meet his new owner's expectations. He was nervous in her presence, his trembling fingers belying his calm face. She was his first owner and he was very anxious to please her. It was unbearable to think of being sent back to the slave quarters with an unsatisfactory report from the Devi and to be punished by the Females of the Realm.

But what did she think of him? Did she find him handsome? Could he please her? Her beautiful face was smooth and composed; her look, distant. He shivered in delighted fright. That first night, she spoke to him gently and called him «Olivier.» Her voice was like melted chocolate, creamy and deep, with an accent he couldn't identify. Her skin smelled of flowers and scented oils with an underlying hint of the musk of her womanhood. The silk of her dress brushed him and he cowered foolishly under its soft caress. She gave him a pillow, blanket, and a small brass bell which she took out of her suitcase. She told him to ring the bell if there was a problem. She admonished him that freeing himself during the night, unless to tend to bodily functions, would displease her and bring her wrath down upon him. Her fingers were cool and firm as she chained one arm and both ankles to the bondage table in the dungeon. Then she turned off the small dim light in the dungeon and went into the bedroom, closing the door behind her. As he lay there quietly in the darkness, he could hear music coming from her room and see the flickering candlelight from underneath the door. A couple of hours later the music stopped and the candles no longer gave off their wavering light. Unable to sleep because of his excitement, the morning came all too soon.

He felt a yank on one ankle chain and opened his tired, gritty eyes to see her standing over him, fully dressed, richly perfumed, her eyes made up, tapping her foot. It was clear to him even in his groggy state that she wanted him up. She held up five fingers and he guessed that meant he had five minutes to get ready to serve her. She unlocked his chains and sat down in a large leather chair to wait. He washed his face, combed his hair, and brushed his teeth in record time. Then he straightened his clothes with his hands and approached her, eyes downcast yet hopeful. He hadn't kept her waiting any longer than the allotted time.

Donning large very dark sunglasses in lieu of her veil, she pointed to an empty satchel and turning on her heel, she left her suite. Picking up the satchel, he followed her to the registration cottage and where she asked to be driven to the market in the town. A slave was summoned and the van was brought. He helped her into the back seat, carefully gathering up her flowing skirt and placing it gently in the van so it would not get caught when he closed the door. For this, she rewarded him with the briefest of nods. Sitting in the front with the driver during the ride to the market, his heart soared as if she had spoken to him in glowing phrases. At the market she leisurely filled the satchel he carried for her with fresh vegetables and fruit, many bottles of lemon flavored ice tea, and a fresh chicken, as well as seasonings and a large variety of chocolate desserts. He paid for her purchases and carried them proudly, walking three small respectful steps behind her. She didn't seem to notice.

In front of him, her slim figure with her erect spine in its black dress gave no indication of her pleasure or displeasure. Her hips swayed slightly with each step, making her appear as graceful as a willow tree in a gentle breeze. Her hair fell below her waist, auburn red and

shining in the sun. A gust of wind caught a loose tendril and whipped it around her sleek head in a wild, crazy dance. Bathed in beauty by the golden sun, she led the way back to the van and its awaiting driver. As he walked behind her on the cobblestone street, her buttocks beckoned him with each step. The breeze carried her scent back to him and the smell of her invaded his mind.

Their second night was no different from the first. Cool, firm hands chained him to the bondage table; a sharp yank on that same chain woke him up. He had gotten little sleep because thoughts of her kept him awake, again. She haunted him. He relived yesterday and last night in his mind - he could find no cause in his behavior for her aloofness, for her lack of desire to use him in any way she pleased. He carried her packages, walked the required three steps behind her, opened doors for her, served her meals, cleaned her suite and made her bed; all the small things a Superior Female would require of a slave, and still she did not use him or amuse herself with him. He longed for the day he would have the honor of drawing her bath and brushing her hair; he hungered for the day when she would punish him or beat him just for her amusement. She was a beautiful mystery to him and he burned to please her. In just a short time she had become his wheel of fire and he'd grasp it until it consumed him.

The next morning, when she came to unlock him, he was already awake. After she freed him from his chains, he crouched on the floor at her feet and placed a hesitant, worshipful kiss on her perfect, perfumed foot, the steps leading to her temple. She gestured five minutes but he was ready in less than three. He was standing by the door with the satchel on his arm when she swept out of the suite. She walked down to the cottage and he followed in her wake. AT the market in the little town, did she notice his behavior was exemplary? To him it seemed their walk through the market and the little town, with her swaying hips mesmerizing him, was an endless dream. As they approached the waiting van and driver, he ran out in front of her, flung the door open and dropped to his knees. She entered the van, sat and arranged her skirts then gestured that he close the door. The briefest of smiles flitted across her face and his spirit soared. Before closing the door, he impulsively kissed her shoe, and rubbed his head on her ankle in joy. He drank in her scent, intoxicated by it. He thought his heart would burst. She had noticed him!

The following morning he was already awake when she came to unchain him. He served her and a Mistress friend their breakfast al fresco without needing to be told her desires, and waited upon the other Mistress with all the courtesy, respect and efficiency he could muster. When the Devi and her friend left the table, she gestured him to stay behind. While she was gone, he cleared away breakfast then he walked around the grounds and picked an armload of beautiful wildflowers. Getting vases from a kitchen slave, he arranged them prettily around her suite, one bouquet on each table in her room, one on her windowsill, and one on the large window sill of the dungeon. He cleaned the suite until it shone, then stepped back to admire his work.

Knowing she would be thirsty when she returned, he got ice from the bar and prepared her ice tea. Racing against time, he showered and washed his hair, and put on his best clothes. Then he knelt outside of the main entrance of La Domaine where he could see the big wooden gates and awaited her return. Finally he saw the van return and the Devi climb into a waiting rickshaw with its human pony. A slave put her packages in the back and the pony sprang into a trot. When the rickshaw stopped at the main entrance, he sprang to his feet, and assisted her out of the coach. She watched as he gathered up her bags, hurried to throw open the door, and step aside to welcome her. Gathering her skirts in her hand, she swept inside, giving him just the merest sideward glance.

Her eyes, a warm reddish brown color that belied her aloofness, lingered for the slightest moment on his freshly washed hair and clothes. He followed her down the hall to her suite, where he opened the door for her, eagerly hoping for some reaction or a small sign of approval from her for his servitude to her. Her eyes took in the freshly cleaned rooms with their fragrant bouquets of wildflowers. She seated herself at the small dining table and indicated to him that she was thirsty. He brought her the drink he had prepared earlier and offered it to her on bended knee, head down. As she took the glass from his hand, he noticed that her delicate, fine-boned feet in their bejeweled sandals were dusty. Excusing himself, he brought a bowl of scented water, her favorite soap, and a fluffy towel. After gently removing her feet from her sandals, he bathed them. A small smile flickered behind her eyes but her mouth remained immobile.

That night she allowed him to sleep unchained on the bondage table. But tangible chains or mental ones, he lay awake until almost dawn thinking of her. Her almost total lack of acknowledgement of him and her lack of interest in using him as a toy was the worst torture she could possibly inflict upon him, but at least she had not sent him back to the slave quarters in shame for not having pleased her. All night, his eyes were glued to her bedroom door. He saw the candlelight flickering under it and heard her soft ethereal music. He knew the exact moment she blew out the candles and when the music stopped. He imagined how she looked when she slept: her red hair on the white satin pillow case, her slender limbs entwined in the quilt encased in its white stain duvet cover. He imagined her face to be soft and relaxed, with a little smile on it from her pleasant dreams. The more he thought about her the more inflamed he became to please her in any way he could, in any way she wished.

The next morning when she came to get him, he was up and dressed, freshly shaved and well groomed, and awaiting her on his knees. She nodded her head ever-so-slightly in approval and met his eyes. His heart sang with joy! This was more than a mere nod – she had looked at him, *really* looked at him.

But still, each night she made him sleep on the bondage table, gave him his little brass bell and retired alone, not even allowing him to warm her feet in the night. After another week, he was beside himself thinking of things to do to please her, to earn one small smile a day, to receive one pat of approval, one lick of the lash, one slap in the face, for his willing servitude.

by Diva Claudia Varrin

Kevin Hundsnurscher

In writing for this piece, I thought it would be interesting to allow the subjects in front of the lens to share their experiences of working with me. So the majority of this article will be presented by some of the models who appear in my photographs describing their shoots and their impressions of me. I'll just mention this before hand; I'm not a sadist… really.

Rose I love working with Kevin. I had admired his work for a while before we finally shot for the first time. I was out at the local goth club where I knew he spent most of his Saturday nights, and he asked me if I wanted to go outside to take some pictures. Since then I've had the pleasure of getting to know him when it doesn't involve a camera and I consider him to be a very good friend as well as a fantastic photographer. Shoots with him usually include lots of, «Stick out your ass!» and then five minutes later he'll take the picture. It's truly a work out, complete with sore aching muscles the next day. I'm convinced Kevin is really doing all of us ladies a favor by keeping us in shape so he can take more pictures of us. He's a thoughtful and generous person that way! Despite his sadistic streak, shooting with him is always a blast. He's always making me laugh with his stories and off color remarks, and I feel sexier the longer we shoot. I just love showing off my feet for his lens, sometimes I'll save a new pair of shoes or stockings for the next time I have a shoot planned with him. When I see the pictures he got from our shoots I'm always astonished at the energy and life he manages to capture in his images. It's truly a pleasure to work with him, it makes me feel like a treasured piece of art.

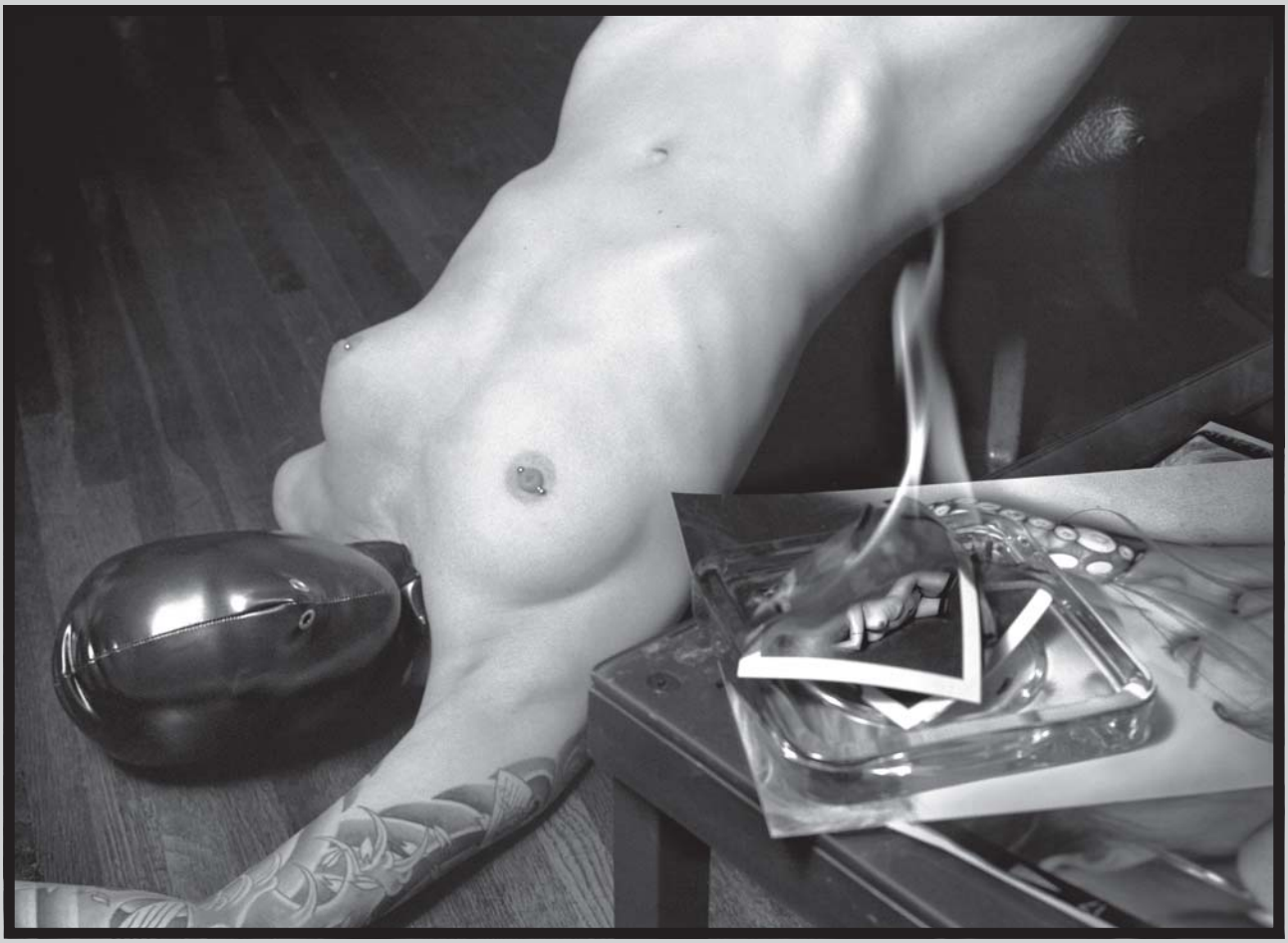
I had so much fun and lots of laughs while shooting with Kevin during his visit! We were politely expelled from one of the Metro stations by a pair of watchful WMATA personnel. A couple of Washington DC policemen paused during their rounds to pose with me for a shot near Union Station and make sure we did not loiter for too long. Of course, Kevin and I would have never expected anything less from such top-notch security teams while shooting in our Nation's Capitol!

Hurts so good

Shooting with Kevin Hundsnurscher is always an adventure. For the shibari pictures we took on our first shoot together, Kevin bent me backwards over a table and tied me there. Because Kevin is old school and still uses film, this meant I had to be bent over for about 20 minutes while he fussed with lighting and changed rolls of film. My body was screaming the next day...and for a few days afterwards! I found out afterwards that he has a long history of making models get into hard, uncomfortable poses. My favorite part of the shoot was when he was posing me while I was blindfolded and he said «do this ... no DON'T do that.» For our second shoot, we shot in my home. Kevin felt bad about defiling my bathroom for artistic pursuits, so he personally cleaned it afterwards. I get great pleasure out of telling everyone Kevin is my Mexican houseboy.

Azcra

Kevin Hundsnurscher



The composition

Kevin is one of those photographers that makes women look and feel more beautiful than they thought possible. Many a time, I am have reacted with a, «Damn nice! Whoa, that's me!» He puts effort into his shoots, always coming at you with an idea. Ideas that you may not understand at first. Ones that reveal themselves later to be truly inspired and original. His composition, lighting, art direction and straight-up talent set him apart from the rest. He is one of my favorite photographers! Another thing I like about Kevin is that he is enjoys his work. We spend a lot of time laughing while shooting. He's a total goof and perv but he always gets the shot or two or three. He has high standards and I think it shows in his work. I love the «Last Picture» photos that appear here and there. It shows you his playful side. I think it gives the audience a voyeuristic view of the lightheartedness that is always present at his shoots. Kevin is someone I count as a good friend. We have loads of fun together, making sure none of us miss an opportunity for a debaucherous, good time. I am lucky to know him.

Joelle Dirty

www.elaisted.com

«Okay, tits up, stomach in, ass out…»

Working with Kevin was definitely a memorable experience! This was the first shoot I had ever done, so needless to say I was a bit nervous. His playfulness and sense of professionalism kept me more than at ease throughout the evening. The mood was light and he seemed very at ease, but at the same time you could tell he was taking precise care with every angle and shot. He expects a lot from the girls that pose for him, and likes to joke around the he doesn't feel he has done his job unless you are sore the next day from stretching and bending! I remember that I heard lots of «Okay, tits up, stomach in, ass out - now DON'T MOVE!» At one point I was wearing some platform heels, and being tied up the way I was with the rope it became pretty much impossible to move around on my own. Kevin was great with helping me up and holding onto me so I didn't fall, even going so far as to pick up my wine glass and hold it so I could take sips while we were working. When we were done I couldn't have been more eager to see the shots, and when I finally got the chance to take a look at them, they took my breath away. Sometimes I still forget that they are of me! Working with him since then, I have noticed that his attitude never alters – he always has a smile on his face, and does his very best to make sure that you have one to match. He is a lot of fun to work with, and I take great pride in modeling for someone whose talent is not at all hard to see. His photography is amazing - I'm never anything short of honored to be a part of it!

Mehgan

A LITTLE LAGNIAPPE

(Lagniappe; Creole: a tasty morsel, a small bite, a little treat)
by Master R.

The thin band of leather that supports me hangs over the smallest possible nail. The blackness of that band makes my nail stand out as almost delicate. I hang fully stretched, against a wall, with my tail just unable to touch the floor. If I could curl it back into a tight semi-circle, I would. It is not that I am tired - I am oh so ready to be used - it is that I need the touch of his hand, the drive of his extraordinary will, to allow me the pleasures.

The beasts that I can be, the black pantheress, the attacking tigress, can all scent. Right now, I can smell need in the room. Her need for him. Her need for me. I can scent the way she anticipates my bite. She is my prey and she knows it. My beasts know vision. The hawk in my belly screams as it looks to dive into her beckoning skin. I am one long talon, streaking down to her sex, as we both watch, at full speed. I shall be the craving, the desire and the deliverance.

Now, patiently, I hang by this thin braid of leather, suspended by my nail, awaiting his want, knowing he will soon be inhaling my skin, and watching me as I capture her for him.

His hand is on my throat. I yield the nail for his strength and accuracy. He runs me through his hand, my entire length. Every slight twist, each weaving memory, feeling my gentle taper and starting the re-acquaintance of his drive and my coiling and uncoiling. There is no delirium yet. There is only simmering intent. I am both the hawk awaiting the command to fly and the snake ready to strike the same prey. She knows. The hawk sees her shudder. Now she hears the panther, in all its darker than blackness, hiss as I pass her ear, circling, becoming his range, his accuracy.

I feel his waves. I am an undulation. He has made me liquid and flowing. Shall I be salt water in the wound or soothing balm? I marvel at my own consistency. I am water thrown in suspended motion. Yet when I touch her, she will cry out, for I will hit focused and as finely tuned as a spray of birch. She will accept me hard, and cutting, and I will delight in that cutting. I will revel as I commit entrance, as her Master will commit when I am done. When he is done with me. Together we make her wait.

All my senses are tight. I am as well shaped as any arrow, as sure of my flight as my archer is of his own identity. I bark in her ear. I crack and roar by the small of her back. I explode with impending, withering, force. The three of us, we all wish to make her buckle, to have her fold evenly at her knees. I want to spread her skin. I want to leave my trail of red and blue passions on her back and she wants that to be the map of her soul for him to see. I show desire the pathway to possessing her.

I feel the delicacy in his palm. It is a relaxation. I am held all the more loosely, but I know it is now that he has the most complete control over my form, and my intent. My intent is to strike as he wishes me to strike. I crave the openings he will make. I seek the partings of her flesh. I feel his change in direction; it is a wind that tosses me towards her. She feels my vapor. Her breathe draws in with force enough to alter my course. Finally he affords us the connection. My blackness lashes out to her. I am quick. I enter her flesh, her heart, her soul and I embrace all her memories and then I am gone, leaving her to incarcerate all the pain she can. She locks it in the most remote and treasured cell she can find. Oh, she does not wish to part with our short moment. She wants a tower, a pyramid, of intensity, and I know I will be allowed this vagary. I am now all speed and restraint. I electrify her with my sudden touch and disappearance. I am held back by his hand on my throat, and then again I bark and bite her flesh and he at last allows me to penetrate her from the small of her curvature to the back of her knees and she goes slowly down to the ground, longing desperately for both my return and for my abeyance.

The pantheress has feed, the snake has struck, the talon has left its mark. His hand has left me now for her. He gently touches the paths we have created. He reads the ways they prevail upon all her direction. She is looking at me through what I have done to her, and I bask in her adoration. When he is done with what I have already completed, he shall take me in his palm again. He shall clean me and coil me. It will be his caress to me. Then knowing I am his and his alone, he will hang me once again on the thin nail. I will lie against the wall, and my tail will once again be unable to touch the floor.

Master R is a frequent contributor to these pages. When not writing, he is the Head Master at La Domaine Esemar, The World's Oldest BDSM Training Chateau, located in upstate NY. If you cannot visit upstate NY, visit Esemar's website at: www.LaDomaine.com «

«Lagniappe is a sixteen plait, Joe Wheeler,
single tail that hangs in Master's office.»

http://www.visualyz.com - model : Alyz - © Photo by Manoureva

Marquis Value: From Sade to Screen

Text and Interviews by Michael Orlando Yaccarino

Then, by allowing this imagination to stray, by according it the freedom to overstep those ultimate boundaries religion, decency, humanness, virtue, in a word, all our pretended obligations would like to prescribe to it, is it not possible that the imagination's extravagances would be prodigious?

from ***La Philosophie*** *dans le boudoir (1795),* ***Marquis de Sade***

Alternative filmmaker Jess Franco has expressed his interest in the incendiary literary universe of the Marquis de Sade through his own work on many occasions and in a variety of cinematic ways. More precisely, he has adapted Sade's *La Philosophie dans le boudoir ou Les instituteurs immoraux* (or *Philosophy in the Bedroom or The Immoral Teachers*) for several films—most notably, *Eugénie…the story of her Journey into Perversion* (1969), *Plaisir à trois* (1973), and *Eugenie, Historia de una perversíon* (1980); and to a much lesser degree, *Eugénie de Sade* (1970) and *Cocktail spécial* (1978). A focus on *Plaisir à trois* will reveal how this oft-overlooked film most faithfully expands, explores, and deepens the core issues and idiosyncratic milieu of its source material. What makes Sade's *La Philosophie…* unique in the non-theatrical oeuvre of the controversial French author's work is its structure. Presented as a series of seven dialogues, it charts the systematic corruption of the virginal Eugénie under the tutelage of a libertine trio. The only action described is the myriad couplings of this decadent ménage, including a mind-reeling assortment of perversities. Coming up for air, each of the immoralists delivers, in turn, a series of exquisitely-wrought and extremely rational arguments. The purpose of these is Sade's undoing of the societal glue maintaining order in the civilized world through repression and censorship—namely, organized religion and politics. By the climax, the former maiden's every orifice—physical, mental, and spiritual—have been explored, leading to her ultimate, if not criminal liberation.

A reading of Sade's irreverent tale begs for a stage or screen adaptation through which its vibrant text would be most fully brought to life. Of course, due to its extremely graphic sexual and violent content, the work could never have been adapted for the public stage at the time of its creation in the late 18th century. Even so, it remains one of Sade's most accessible and enjoyable texts—one that challenges Western mores in a completely modern, not to mention grotesquely humorous way. It is not surprising that Sade was such a proficient dialogue writer, as this text attests, since his mainstream theatrical output was mounted successfully throughout a turbulent career.

Sade's *La Philosophie…* has been adapted for the stage more than once in the 20th century with its most prurient acts simulated—while there have been no shortage of cinematic adaptations. The latter range from Jacques Scandelari's 1969 effort—one exploiting the text's name as its title but none of its actual storyline—to Olivier Smolders' 1991 multi-award-winning short film and a 1995 modern interpretation by Tony Guzman.

In a variation on its source material, Franco's film *Plaisir à trois* concerns three sexual and moral extremists: Martine de Bressac (Alice Arno), a mentally-unstable, sex crime perpetrator; Charles de Bressac (Robert Woods), her duplicitous husband; and their deranged, live-in sex toy, Adèle (Lina Romay). The film's narrative commences with Martine's return home from a sanitarium. The treatment gotten there is quickly proven ineffectual as she immediately immerses herself in the depraved pastimes that resulted in her prior confinement. This includes the subterfuge of hiring prostitutes as artist's models in order to install them as permanent additions to a clandestine museum. Housed within the depths of her isolated villa, this horror chamber displays the human prey of its mistress' warped desires—each perfectly preserved through some ungodly serum. Soon Martine is rejoined by Charles. In a seeming effort to expand their repertoire

An ecstatic moment between Martine (Alice Arno) and Charles (Robert Woods) in their museum of human prey. (image © CFPC)

of transgressions, her spouse suggests they create a stratagem to deflower Cécile (Tania Busselier), a diplomat's virginal daughter. But unbeknownst to Martine, Charles has been conducting an affair with the far-from-unsullied lass during his wife's stay at the clinic. Ultimately, the scheming lovers dispose of Martine by making her the latest installation of the profane museum.

The successful transposition of Sade's work to the screen should amount to much more than a simple re-creation of the abominations that are often found therein. Unfortunately, this has served as the standard formula for most Sade-inspired film. The greater cinematic challenge would be an attempt to capture on celluloid even a modicum of Sade's revolutionary ideas that infuse with intellect and wit even his most nefarious scenarios. Franco has realized this uncommon achievement more than once. And so he may be included rightfully amongst the

esteemed directorial ranks of Luis Buñuel and Pier Paolo Pasolini whose respective films, the Surrealist classic *L'Âge d'or* (1930) and the controversial *Salò o le 120 giornate di Sodoma* (1975) are both indebted to Sade. There is little need to include here discussion of *De Sade* (1969) by Cy Endfield, Philip Kaufman's *Quills* (2000), or *Sade* (2000) by Benoît Jacquot, three painfully insipid and grossly

Martine (Alice Arno), the razor-wielding anti-heroine of *Plaisir à trois*. (image © CFPC)

inaccurate biographical films of the Marquis' inherently captivating life.

A curious similarity exists between the critics who disparage Sade and Franco. And that is while vehement opinions flourish in both cases, genuine familiarity with the work of each by detractors is scarce. Furthermore, there seems to be little awareness by the same with the tradition of drawing on monstrous exaggeration for satirical effect. A kindred example might be found in the nightmarish paintings of Francisco de Goya, a contemporary of Sade and Franco's compatriot. Surely, the relish with which all three artists consistently employ taboo imagery shows an affinity for such greater than its use as a stylistic device alone. Even so and more significant, Sade, Goya, and Franco incorporate shock tactics to disrupt their viewers' complacency, thus allowing them to tread beyond the boundaries of the conventional.

Extending the connection between literature and the visual arts, Sade and Franco celebrate equally the role of the voyeur in their own work. Innumerable characters in their scenarios possess this kink. Furthermore and unlike many other directors, Franco is unabashed in his role as omnipotent observer, his curious zoom lens forever probing the action. *Plaisir à trois* includes multiple-level variants on the art of watching. As mentioned previously, Martine as artist sketches the model-victims before their addition to the macabre museum, a veritable temple to her ocular mania. Indeed, just prior to meeting a similar fate, one of her prey is *shown* other examples of the once-living statuary frozen in death's paroxysms. Throughout the film, sexual thrills are gotten via the gaze—Martine and Charles enjoy a slideshow of Cécile as they instigate her defloration; the same couple are incited to lovemaking whilst spying the girl's nightly self-pleasuring exhibitions; Charles surveys Martine and Cécile in the bath; and, when not looking on as dumb witness, Adèle participates in the erotic rondo, herself being scrutinized surreptitiously in certain scenes. One of the key sequences on this theme is the dare game resulting in Martine's striptease performance for the others. She ends the dance by mimicking the pose of a mannequin incorporated into the proceedings in a chilling presage of her own imminent destruction. Shortly thereafter, while in the process of watching, Martine first suspects her partner's interest in Cécile might be for reasons greater than the ex-virgin's debasement. It is during this scene as Charles makes love to Cécile that Franco captures Martine's reaction, a mixture of desire and fury, in dramatic close-up. Furthermore, the director integrates certain visual motifs as a non-verbal method of conveying meaning about his characters' motivations. A stately tracking shot or pan move from right-to-left is used each time the underground museum is entered. This is an apparent metaphor for the ritualistic and unalterable fervor with which the anti-heroine conducts her misdeeds. And more than once, the deceitful Cécile is shown in mirrored multi-reflection—literally, two-faced.

The unexpected vein of humor coursing throughout much of Sade's work is one of its most endearing aspects. Not for popular consumption, it is a severe brand borne of a radical mind inventing through extremism. A fine instance of this is when Sade ends *La Philosophie…* with the arrival of Eugénie's blueblood mother in search of her wayward daughter. What follows is the noblewoman's horrific ravishment and mutilation orchestrated by the transformed hellcat with the aid of her newly-acquired and thoroughly debauched family. The comedy arises from the severe contrast between the pretentious admonitions delivered by the hypercritical woman and the droll ripostes with which the captors greet them, and these with the gruesome agonies visited upon her. With similar sardonic wit, Franco and screenwriter Alain Petit concoct several scenes for *Plaisir à trois* worthy of a drawing room comedy in hell.

Cruel mistress Martine (Alice Arno) prepares for another day of debauchery with Adèle (Lina Romay) at her feet. (image © CFPC)

One sparkling example is Martine and Charles' «chance» encounter with Cécile's unwitting parents. The scheming duo charade as a typical married couple eager to befriend their daughter—when just moments before, a nearly-nude Martine, in only thigh-high boots, had been occupied with applying makeup whilst Adèle looked on adoringly.

Regardless of one's personal judgment, additional readings of *La Philosophie…* reveal the undeniable sincerity with which Sade's potent philosophy is conveyed beneath the élan of his clever prose. Likewise, repeated viewings of many Franco films expose the richness of their narrative construction as relates to imagery. *Plaisir à trois* offers several occurrences of this. One offers succinct illustration of the film's underlying theme of hidden betrayal. During the previously mentioned scene in which the devious pair scrutinizes Cécile's solitary lovemaking,

Martine sits upon Charles' lap so that both confront the camera in fullface. In this way, while the viewer (whose participation further multiples the voyeurs involved) can see Charles' expression, Martine cannot. Therefore on a second screening, Charles' euphoric reaction to Cécile is

Martine (Alice Arno) is tended to by loyal manservant Mathias (Howard Vernon), who grants her every wish no matter how bizarre. (image © CFPC)

understood as not being of simple lubricity alone. It is one replete with desire for this clandestine lover—to whom, Charles knows, his union with will be achieved soon enough through the death of Martine, the wife he is making love with at that very instant.

In Sade's work, a revolutionary philosophy, the most excessive erotica, and highly-literate storytelling collide to produce an uncompromising vision that retains the power to astound more than two centuries after its creation. Through a profane marriage of like elements, Franco has successfully captured the Marquis' inimitable spirit on film while avoiding slavish re-creation of the author's texts. One exception would be his period film *Justine and Juliet* (1968). But what is more exciting is when Franco accomplishes this cinematic feat with modern-day characters in contemporary settings. *Plaisir à trois* contains many such Sadean moments, the most unforgettable of these involving the film's central character—Martine's voluptuous stroking of the weird museum's «living»

The horrific finale of *Plaisir à trois*—(from left-to-right) Cécile (Tania Busselier), Charles (Robert Woods), Martine (Alice Arno) and Adèle (Lina Romay). (image © CFPC)

statues; Martine's viciously gleeful showing of the same to a terrified, soon-to-be victim; and later, incited by her voyeurism of Cécile, Martine's ecstatic and unmerciful whipping of Adèle.

The lingering legacy and recent resurgence of Puritanism in America and Victorianism in Great Britain, albeit each movement amusingly tainted by hypocrisy, have branded literature and film containing extreme elements to the ghetto of pornography. So as a result and with little exception, there does not exist in those countries a grand and evolving tradition of erotica. While in Continental Europe, the sexual is more readily acknowledged as a vital part of the human experience—making it worthy of philosophical contemplation and as such, a valid element for inclusion in the arts. It is unremarkable then that mainstream English-language critics as a whole consider the majority of Jess Franco's output not worthy of serious review. But then again, in these same countries, the recognition of Sade's serious literary merit suffers the same fate. Hopefully, the preceding analysis might help to disprove this prejudice in Franco's case. Furthermore, by analyzing *Plaisir à trois*—a film unfairly considered a trifle in the director's canon—the authentic intellect and artistry with which Franco approaches his work overall will be further established.

In *La Philosophie dans le boudoir*, the Marquis de Sade wrote: «…the more we wish to be agitated, the more we desire to be moved violently, the more we must give rein to our imagination; we must bend it toward the inconceivable; our enjoyment will thereby be increased, made better for the track the intellect follows….» Sade spent the greater part of his adult life incarcerated in several prisons and a mental institute. Guilty of unacceptable excesses, the Marquis' greater downfall was as political scapegoat of his aristocratic class at the hands of the rising citizenry. Even so, no shackles could enchain his soaring imagination. Franco, a true cinematic renegade if there ever was one, and Sade are kindred souls in this way—both possessed of fierce minds, parallel obsessions, and uncompromising sensibilities. Whether eliciting ire or adulation, each deserves respect for daring not only to question, but also to successfully shatter and redefine the conventions of their chosen art.

Waxing Philosophic: Remembering *Plaisir à trois*

Jess Franco (director): If Sade is little known these days, you can only imagine what it was like during my first time in Paris in the early 1960s. At that time, nobody but sinners or transgressors—such as me—had even minimal knowledge of this «monster». I started with *Justine* and was immediately caught by the beauty and quality of the writing, before going on to read the rest of his incredible work. As for my methods, I've almost never done a storyboard in my life and greatly believe in improvisation. Even so, the actors did have the screenplay before the shooting began. Alice Arno is very good. Since Sade had not created the character of Martine, I did so myself! My experience working with Robert Woods was excellent. And I think Lina was perfect for the part, both comical and provocative. Personally, I'm never satisfied with my work. Don't forget—I'm a jazz player who makes films. My solos are always sincere—produced fifty-fifty from my soul and my balls. If I could do it, I would change all my films entirely.

Alain Petit (screenwriter): I discovered the world of «*Le Divin Marquis*» in the 1960s. After reading a pocket version of *Justine*, I decided to buy the deluxe edition of the *Oeuvres Complètes* that had just been released in France about 1966. I recall it being very expensive, requiring me to order each one of sixteen volumes by subscription from the publishers. It was the very first time we had the opportunity to discover the whole thing—books, novels, and even all the letters Sade wrote to his wife and relatives when he was in jail. It was a great revelation to me, not only because of the scandalous and erotic texts—that

aspect being the reason why he is so famous everywhere—but also because of the political and philosophical content of all his works. So I really was familiar with Sade when Jess Franco asked me to work on *Plaisir à trois*. This film is a great souvenir for me of an important moment in my career.

Robert Woods (actor): The ideal situation for a smaller production such as *Plaisir à trois* is when it becomes a collaborative effort. And that is precisely what Jess Franco was able to provide on this and other films we made together. He did this by including everyone involved. Franco was in control, but not *in control*, if you understand what I mean. And that's the difference. I love working with directors like that—and there's not too many of them around. In my experience, I find that even a little picture will turn out pretty well if you go into it with such an approach. Franco could make a reasonable film for so little money. I don't know how he did it! But above all else, Franco's collaborative spirit is the one thing I have to commend him for. He was someone who always encouraged suggestions. And while he may not have used them all, he was never a director who said: «Do it my way or not at all!» I clearly recall that Franco not only had a great knowledge of what he was doing on the set, but also imparted what he knew. He was very good about keeping people working together. So it's no mistake that he's a jazz lover—because that talent in filmmaking is what you call harmony. In retrospect, I believed that Franco was a budding genius at the time. Jess has always been someone who could take a matchstick and make a forest of it.

Additional Notes

Film Credits: While for *Plaisir à trois* Franco used his «Clifford Brown» alias, it is not insignificant that the multi-pseudonymous director chose to employ his genuine name of J. Franco Manera for the screenplay credit. Sade's *La Philosophie…* was published originally as being a «posthumous book by the author of *Justine*» so that the Marquis might avoid scandal. Alain Petit completed the film's dialogue and adaptation of Sade's work. Cast members other than those already noted include: Franco film regular Howard Vernon as Mathias, the Bressacs' chauffeur and major domo, as well as the production's still photographer; and Alfred Baillou in the role of Malou, the eccentric hunchback-dwarf gardener. The film was shot by cinematographer Antonio Millán in Portugal and produced by the late Robert de Nesle, owner of the French film production company CFPC or Comptoir Français de Productions Cinématographiques. The film's alternate titles include: *How to Seduce a Virgin*, *Pleasure for Three*, *Ultra-Tumba* (or «Beyond the Grave»), and *Les Inassouvies II* (or *The Insatiable Ones II*)—*Les Inassouvies* being the alternate title for Franco's 1969 effort *Eugénie…the story of her Journey into Perversion*. Franco-directed variations of *Plaisir à trois* include: *Sinfonía erótica* (1979) and *Gemidos de placer* (1982; or «Moans of Pleasure»). While currently not available for commercial sale on DVD or videotape, the film rights to *Plaisir à trois* were purchased at auction from de Nesle's widow approximately five years ago. Even so, French-language videotape versions of the film are obtainable from unofficial sources.

Stage and Other Film Adaptations: A noteworthy stage adaptation of Sade's *La Philosophie…* was its 1964 presentation at the La Grande Séverine theatre in Paris by Maurice Girodias, the notorious publisher of erotica and founder of the Olympia Press. Little detail exists of the film adaptation titled *Philosophy in a Bedroom* (1966), reputedly made by American experimental director Alfred Leslie, best known for co-directing the Beat Generation classic *Pull My Daisy* (1959) with Robert Frank. Olivier Smolders explained how he coupled his 14-minute version of *La Philosophie…* with another of his short films, *Ravissement* (1991), to form a diptych, the latter concerning Sainte Thérèse d'Avila. The Belgian director chose to do so since both works reflect upon «experiences-limites»—that is, those moments that defy intellect, reason, and the senses while remaining impossible to represent visually. On the appeal of Sade's text for his own adaptation, American director Tony Guzman commented: «I was primarily drawn to filming *Philosophy…* because I liked its combination of humor, sex, and polemics. The mixture of vulgarity, refinement, and wit in the language of the characters, especially that of Dolmancé attracted me as well. The film was conceived and written during the administration of George Bush Sr. and was partly a reaction to living under twelve years

The Marquis de Sade (1740-1814), the 18th-century writer whose forbidden work inspired *Plaisir à trois*. (image © CFPC)

of cultural and political conservatism. Sade's celebration of uninhibited sexuality, atheist values, and personal liberty seemed particularly apt for a contemporary adaptation of the work.»

Character Names: Originating from Sade's notorious 1791 «moral tale» *Justine*, Franco utilized the character surname «Bressac» for the first time in *Justine and Juliet* (1968) and then later in *Plaisir à trois* (1973), *Cocktail spécial* (1978), and *Sinfonía erótica* (1979). While not utilized in *Plaisir à trois*, the name «Eugénie» has achieved iconic erotic status due to its appearance in Sade's *Eugénie de Franval* (1788) and *La Philosophie…*. Franco's frequent use of it in many films has further solidified this allure.

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About the Author

Michael Orlando Yaccarino specializes in the analysis of genre films and interviews with their creators. His writings on fashion, music, and unconventional historical figures appear in many international publications. With Scot D. Ryersson, he is the co-author of the critically-acclaimed bestselling biography *Infinite Variety: The Life and Legend of the Marchesa Casati*, as well as the play *Portrait of a Muse*, and the fairy tale *The Princess of Wax: A Cruel Tale*. Visit www.marchesacasati.com for more details.

Mistress Antoinette Interview

Secret: There was another certain Mistress Antoinette of Versatile Fashions, before you. Why did you choose this particular name?
Yes, Queen Mistress Antoinette, go see her website; www.msantoinette.com. She is fabulous, is she not? So much flair. She ROCKS! I never have had the opportunity of meeting her, but anyone that did, only says the most incredible things about Her. Actually, there are six Mistress Antoinette's when I search these days...so I'm not the only one using this name. I used it because I was born with the name Antoinette, but my family never called me that. When I was a child - if I heard ANTOINETTE this meant I was in trouble. When I decided to become a professional Domina, Mistress Antoinette was an easy and simple choice for me. When I grew up, I lived in a Fetish-less area. That was before the Internet boom. I struggled for years to find things to read and find fetish fashions. In 1995 I bought the domains for Mistress Antoinette. They were available. I built the websites, and member zones and so on. Business on the Internet, what a world! Meeting others in the business, fashions, learning and finding it all awesome! Then I ran across a clothing site owned by a Mistress Antoinette - Versatile Fashions. YIKES! This was a serious and wonderful woman, a Fetish Legend. YIKES again. I had been online and working as Mistress Antoinette for over a year already. I made a couple of attempts to contact her but never got any replies. I also offered her the domain names and change my name to Cruel Goddess. With that in mind I listed sometimes as Cruel Goddess and still people recognize me as that. But when you start a name like Mistress Antoinette is hard to change. I know she is ***The Lady of Fetish*** and that will never change.

Secret: You look so young and beautiful, but still have so much experience! When did you start to be a Domina? & why?
That's very nice of you to say. Of course I learn more and more every day. I do not see myself doing anything different for work or in life, maybe adding or changing certain things, but I will always be - this. I became a

Professional Domina in 1995. Before then, I had 'normal' jobs, but was never considered norma. I was this way always. I always felt 'something' in me. I was always affected by the sight of Amazons, leather clothes, and women in lots of eyeliner, gloves, heels, and boots especially. Barbarella! I saw what we call BDSM in everything, always. Now I can process it. But back then it was like a dark side to me. I knew it had to be kept a secret, but I did not feel it was wrong. I would stop in my little tracks at the sight of bondage. When watching TV, movies, music, especially classic reading - all full of the dark thoughts. Watching 'Underdog' cartoons, Star Trek and 'Gunsmoke' as a child (remember those shows?) the Female was always kidnapped, bound and gagged. YEEEOW! Seeing those things made me want to be the villain so very very much! They wore dark spiky clothes and had a plan. I would imagine doing what I saw. I wanted to tie up the girl and tease in a slightly sadistic way. That was as far along as my thoughts had gone on the play, then I did not know what would come next, hadn't seen that on the shows, as there was always as rescue. It's Marshall Dillon! Remember as kids playing, how either the cowboys or the Indians were going to get tied up? I really liked this game! As I grew to a teen, I found the boys really went out of their way to please you when you were a bit saucy bossy. Bossy but looking good while doing it usually worked. It does - In high school, I had a sissy eddie and he just loved to do things for me, brushing my hair and talking about clothes. There was a boy kenny, he would follow me like a dog. One day after school, I decided I finally had enough of him, and turned and kicked him in the privates. He went to his knees of course, me standing there glaring at him...and to my surprise - he got back on his feet, and asked me to do it again! Well, there you go... My first bit of ball busting! Now, 25 years later, I'm still doing it! I often wonder what happened to kenny. In my early twenties, I decided to explore the bisexual feelings that I always had been full of. I began to see a girl, low and behold - she had submissive tendencies. Oh boy! I took to the Dominant role like a fish to water. I did not know then what the play was called, or what many of the things we would invent to use during play were called. But play we did! I was more a Mistress than a lover. In any following relationships I seemed to find my way into that role, the Mistress, The Goddess. The internet was just becoming the internet, and I saw the way to use it and my skills to earn great money. The dream, being paid for what comes naturally! Mistress Antoinette was born.

Secret: I read on your website www.mistress-antoinette.com that you are a fetishist, especially about boots & latex. Can you go into detail about? Why?
I have been a boot freak all of my life. I cannot pinpoint why. But the look and the feel – Ahhhh! The shine and strength of the patent, the very high and sharp heels MMMMMM! I can only say, they are like my armor. I have many pair of custom boots from Little Shoe Box, and they are my treasures. My most loved pair is my newest, however. A pair of rubber and leather knee boots By Natacha Marro. I can run in this pair of 7-inch stiletto boots! I wore boots as a child, many pictures of me in little red cowboy boots. They say it is all I would wear, I would cry for them. I still cry for them. It is rare one will see me in anything else. Friends will tell you I am in boots on the street in summer. My collection is this, 14 spectacular pair of knee to crotch high boots and these have heels from 5 to 10 inches. I own about 35 pair of others mostly for street wear. I did an interview for Bootlovers (www.bootlovers.com) a couple years ago, awful timing, as I was in the middle of a move, and had only 6 pair of boots out of packing. We are to do another shoot this spring and I will have everything out and ready! Latex is a new love for me. Only since I began to have the cat suits and costumes handmade did I fall in love. It must be the second skin fit, and the shine that I like. I become a being that can do almost anything when wearing these. So they are magical for me. I feel like a super heroine in them, and some costumes are designed for this. I now have a rubber Elvis suit, complete with flames and a cape!! Yes, costumes. Add corset, and lots of eye make up, can anything be better? I have ordered something very special from HOH for Nuit Demonia 7, come to the party and see my new costume!!!

Secret: If a novice would present himself to you for the first time, what would be the best way to do so? (not going to the website... in your dungeon, and how he would/should proceed...)
Walking in to see me is not a possibility. There is much contact necessary before someone is accepted for session. I prefer a phone call. After doing this, I can usually tell if there will be compatibility within the first few minutes. So one should just call. I will take it from there. Once we are in the dungeon I simply begin. Every person is unique. Normally the slave is required to undress, and kneel. I inspect him. I make speak so softly or may rage like a tyrant. The journey begins.

Secret: What do you appreciate best with a submissive slave?
I most appreciate a slave that is an upright and successful dominant figure out there in the world, in his life - yet be a submissive and responsive magical giving little toy with me. I will not care for someone that NEEDS to the point of draining me. That is not submissiveness, it is a disorder. My slave must be absolutely confident as a person. Also, I must have their trust and devotion. The slave must be genuine in the wish to serve me. Many that contact me

are what I call weekend warrior types. These should say they seek session, not a lifestyle. I understand as well as anyone that one cannot live the lifestyle 24/7, but those types do nothing for me. They only wish to take. This is not acceptable for me. For a much as I give, I must get back. There must be balance.

Secret: What do you prefer to do with a slave? What turns you on most?
I very much like sissyfying ?. The whole of it. Playing Barbie with boys. I want to take it as far as I can; even to the point of having them pass in public. This takes quite a bit of work actually, so I will begin the process only with someone that has the desire and time and must also have the funds for the alter ego's wardrobe. I love to create humiliation scenes. The longer the better. I love to take them so far down...rock bottom. Head Mistress of the loser slut blueballed whimpering wankers Academy. The energy we pass to and from can make me almost floating. I often say I am drunk with power and it is the truth. I see in their eyes the intoxication from what they experience as well. And last but not least, I enjoy corporal punishment, especially canings. Interrogations and the Courtroom are big fun as well. Naturally, I am Judge and Jailer. Poor, poor little criminal! As the bond forms and I come to know each slave - his goals and limits, our play does progress, and we go to wonderful places together. That is what I want. To go to some other place. To let it all just unfold and unfold. Feels good just thinking about that kind of journey, doesn't it?

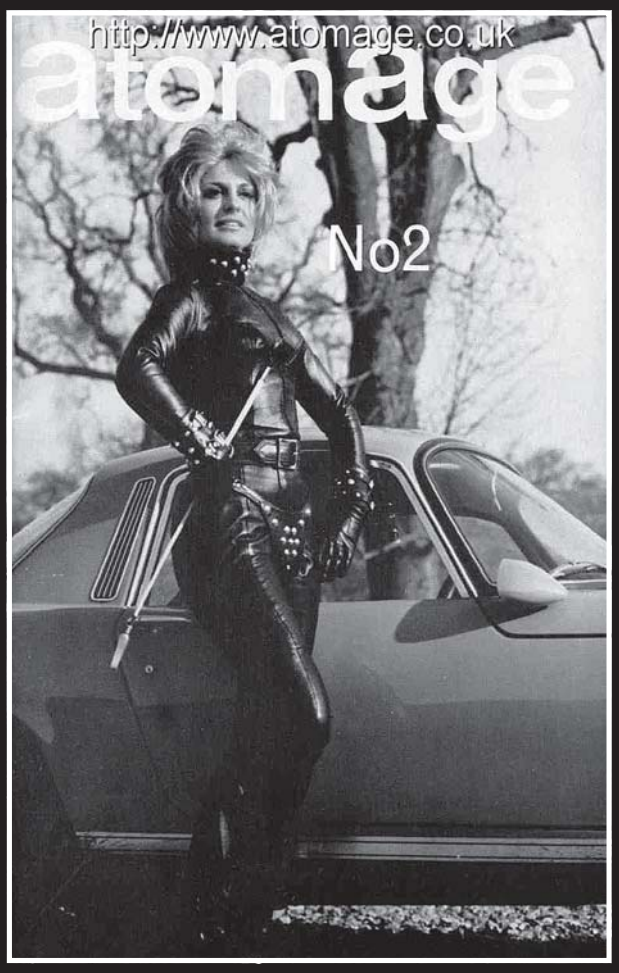
Secret: What's the strangest thing that happened to you during a session?
These things were flukes gone worse, so I would rather tell about the shortest sessions I ever had, which is oddly funny. I saw a boy with Domina Z. She asked me to join her in one of her regular weekly sessions and to bring white sport socks and ankle boots. Smelly ones if I had them or we could put the socks in one of her slaves work boots if needed. She says, you will be in session less than 6 minutes.» I could not believe this. «I can talk and talk to keep them as long I want» I said. She said «not this time.» I said, I wager $10 I can keep him there 10 minutes», still not believing such a session was possible. She took the bet, laughing. I arrived, and we let the boy in. Imagine this; his clothing, appearance, mannerisms and speech much like Johnny Carson - he greets us properly, does not remove any clothing and speaks for a few seconds. «Well Ladies, how are you today, yes good, good, and today I wonder if you will tell me that I am never going to get away from this, from You....». Domina Z grins evilly at me and speaks to him: *«sniff the socks! you will never get away»* and she gives me the 'two-minute' count with her fingers. As I begin to describe the socks as a fashion statement, he immediately falls to the ground on his belly - dressed, sniffs our socks with small sounds of ecstasy, wiggles for a second and comes back to his feet as if pulled back up by a huge elastic band. He says; «Thanks Ladies and I hope you have a great weekend». Out the door he goes. She laughs as I am still with my mouth open to say 'what???» and she says; «Pay up, 4 minutes 48 seconds.»

Secret: Besides domination, what are your other occupations/hobbies?
Seems I am always doing quite a bit on the computer. Travel to see friends when I can. I try to find ways to play practical jokes on anyone that I think won't beat me up! Settling down for movies and a smoke. I love to watch live performances of all types, especially live rock shows. I pick around on my bass when I can. I have finally learned to enjoy exercise as I have a Total Gym and it rules! I take walks by the water most nights. I read when I can; I am into Agatha Christie just now. I collect fetish images. I am beginning to get into costumes, hair and make up arts. I keep these ideas about making videos and pictures from the other side of the camera - sort of directing and telling the fetish from all sides. I hope to be able to get it all out that way. Also, I feel like I am looking for something, but cannot find it. Do you know this feeling? I wish I could find or recognize 'it'. This is a hobby now, in a sort of crazy way. Looking for 'IT'.

Secret: Music is also very important to you, but NIN, Bowie & Johnny Cash are a strange mingle. What do you play in your dungeon?
Ahhh, you were at My Myspace page! (www.myspace.com/mistressantoinette) Actually these artists mentioned have collaborated and the results were chart toppers, so not such a strange mix! I enjoy most music. It always takes me somewhere. In the dungeon, I nearly always begin with «Passion - Peter Gabriel» then on to the standard Chill Out CDs - Karma, Enigma, Dead Can Dance and so on. Once, I did have a boy bring in The Lemmon Sisters and he asked me to play it during his heavy corporal session. I did! That was different. Just think about it for a minute!

Secret: Why is Mistress Françoise of Paris your hero?
Of course she's a ***Fetish Star***. A gifted writer. She is all this - independence, strength, taste, intellect, beauty, patience and care. She has absolutely done her homework on this lifestyle. Student of Gilles Deleuze! Once upon a time, I bought a copy of the magazine «La Scene». I turned over to the back cover and there saw the most splendid image of ***'The Dominatrix'*** I had ever seen. (in this same issue was her story 'The Pornocrat Women' with Mir, gorgeous photos by Christophe Mourthé') This striking Woman was Maitresse Francoise. Was She real or a model? I searched online, and there she was. (www.maitresse-francoise.com) I was compelled to write to her. I must have written to her like an Elvis freak trying to meet him… Despite this, she wrote back a very warm email. We wrote and phoned and one day she suggested the Amazon photo shoot, and invited me to come over and do it with her! I have been pestering her ever since! M. Francoise has been a loving, patient friend and teacher to me. Such a generous woman. She is always feeding me her knowledge, always helping me out.- Maitresse Francoise also has movies in her mind. She wants to make them, like cinema and often I get to play a part. We work well together. I know her. Her strength makes her «My hero».

Secret: If you had anything to add to this interview, now is the time...go ahead!
I hope everyone enjoys these photos from Christophe Mourthé. He is fabulous, isn't he? Thanks to Maitresse Francoise for use of her wonderful mind, dungeon and rubberdoll, TiTi and Walter for hair and makeup, and Robin (House of Harlot) for the wicked costumes! I invite everyone to join us in Paris for Nuit Demonia 7 December.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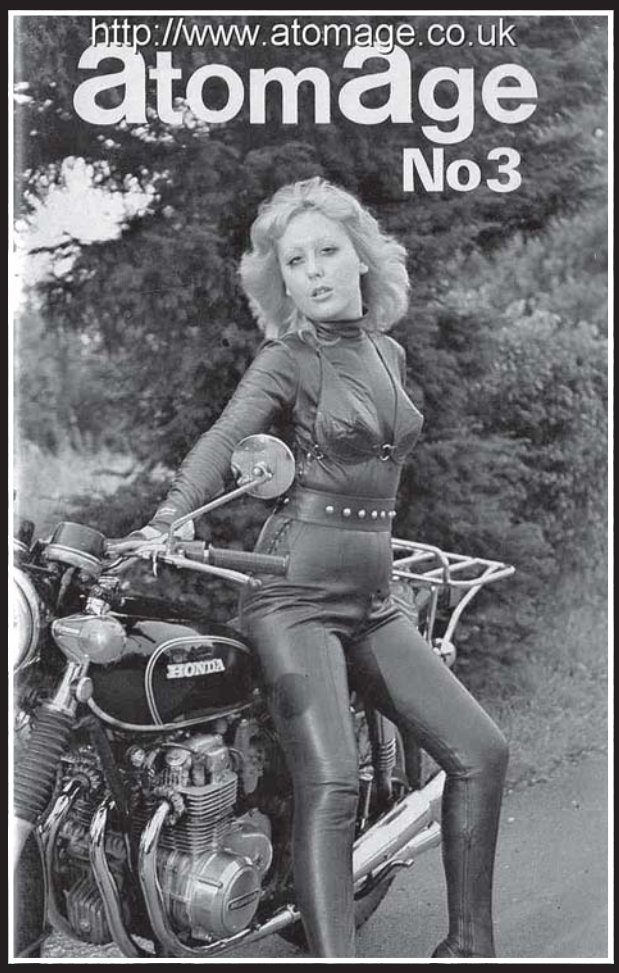
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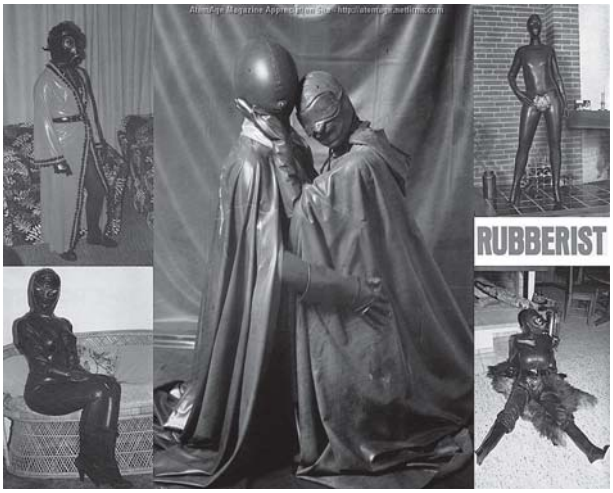
The Atomage Story

John Sutcliffe was a modest and self-effacing man, having graduated from the College of Aeronautical Engineering in Chelsea he later became chief inspector of engines with the pre-war British Airways, he also designed a cigarette packet sized wireless receiver and enjoyed repairing antique china. However throughout his life he had a special attachment for leather, it was something he tried hard to suppress, sadly this led to a breakdown and the collapse of his nineteen year long marriage. After



trying unsuccessfully to get a job as an aircraft engineer he looked for alternative ways of earning a living including driving a mini-cab and taking wedding photographs (although surprisingly very few pictures of John exist as he preferred to be behind the camera rather than in front of it). As his life came back together John purchased a motor bike and one evening took a lady friend out, unfortunately it was raining and she got rather wet, John soon discovered that leather motorcycle clothing for small ladies was very hard to find so the ever resourceful John decided to make an outfit for her, when her friends saw what John had created they all wanted one just the same. In 1957 John Sutcliffe started Atomage as «a manufacturer of weatherproofs for lady pillion riders» the business was located in a back room in Hampstead and had a secondhand sewing machine that John adapted himself to cope with leather and vinyl, he taught himself dressmaking. After ten years the business had moved to 10a Dryden Street off Drury Lane, London, previously the premises had been a hay loft for livery stables. By 1967 John had experimented with the then new materials of PVC and rubber, he invented a new method of bonding rubber, creating a new glue and modifying a travel iron to seal the seams, this lead to him producing his first rubber garment.

The quality, cut, fit and style of the Atomage motorcycle leathers were far superior to anything available in the shops, John's designs soon got noticed and he was asked to produce leather and vinyl outfits for the stage and screen, some of his most famous creations can be seen in The Avengers TV series, although John did not design the Avengers costumes but they were made by him in the Atomage workshops. In 1967 the Granville Chemical company (makers of protective polish and anti-freeze for cars) were looking for something to attract customers to their stand at the Motor Show, so they hired a female model and commissioned John Sutcliffe to create a special outfit (with the emphasis on protection), the advertising slogan which went with the lady wearing the suit was «*She has leather protection. Has your car the protection of our chemical products?*», the outfit was an instant success with photographs appearing in newspapers such as the Daily Mail. One of John's most famous designs was a one piece cat suit complete with high heeled boots, this outfit John called the Atomage Bootsuit, Atomage regularly produced one off and specially commissioned outfits, including leather outfits for female customers who «wore them for professional reasons.....».

John soon found that a quarter of the garments produced in the Atomage workshops never went out in public, the outfits were worn in private just for pleasure, having experienced the failure of his own

marriage because of his leather fetish he was aware of the problems that can occur when a female is asked to dress in leather by her partner. John understood that a female is someone to be loved and cared for and that males have a primal attraction to leather, all the male want to do is wrap the person he loves to protect her. In the winter of 1972 John started Atomage magazine at the suggestion of Helen Henley who was a regular customer of Atomage, John hoped to use the magazine as not only a showcase for his new designs but as a means of explaining to females the reasons why males want to see them dress in leather clothes. Helen Henley was given a regular column in the new magazine, the magazine also featured the «Atomage Correspondence System» (ACS) where readers could contact each other, the readers were actively encouraged to provide pictures and stories for inclusion in the magazine.

The Atomage magazine proved extremely popular, it was A5 in size priced at £2 per copy and was only available by private subscription directly from Atomage, initially the magazine only featured outfits in leather but gradually rubber garments became more prominent, slowly bondage started to be featured in the magazine, this lead to displeasure from some readers so in 1976 edition 13 came with a special supplement, this supplement was a separate magazine that contained only the bondage, the main magazine then returned to concentrating on the normal Atomage fetish clothing, a reader could opt to receive the bondage supplement which was not available for sale separately from the main magazine. Atomage magazine concentrated on the most modern leather and rubber fashion of the day including reports from the various fashion shows that took place during the year, it was a true enthusiast magazine, it was run by enthusiasts for enthusiasts, you had the feeling that John really enjoyed what he was doing and that profit came second. John also turned his hand to film production, his most memorable work is a short film entitled «Under Three Layers».

In 1980 after 32 A5 sized issues of Atomage and 20 issues of the bondage supplement John decided to review the strategy of the business, the magazine did not have a large circulation but there was growth potential being at the forefront of what today we call the «fetish» scene so John decided build on his reputation and success so he restructured the magazines. «Atomage International» was launched (to succeed the A5 Atomage magazine and concentrate on the leather clothing), he renamed the bondage supplement «Atomage Bondage» and launched a new magazine «Atomage Rubberist» which catered for the rubber fetish scene. International distributors were found for the three magazines, they were to be truly world-wide publications. Atomage also sold books and other publications dedicated to the fetish/bondage scene, unfortunately a member of the public referred a copy of the book «The Story Of Gerda» to the police and in November 1983 the Atomage premises were raided and all the published material on the premises was seized. John was informed that he would not be prosecuted for publication of the Atomage magazines if he allowed his entire back stock of magazines and printing plates (valued at £50,000) to be destroyed, unfortunately he was not so lucky with the Gerda books, for these publications he was fined £1000. In December 1983 Atomage moved to Unit 3A, 98 Victoria Road, Park Royal, London, NW10. Sadly John died in his office one Sunday afternoon in September 1987 whilst working at his desk, one of his intentions was to bring in to the open the idea that people have fetishes, today he is considered one of the patron saints of the world wide rubberist community.

Secret Magazine is your magazine. Please send in your pictures, be it professional or amateur, we love to see them. Send us your fantasies, stories, be it fiction or real.... if it's any good, we'll publish it and you get a free copy of the magazine!
Models, photographers and writers; all you need to do is send me some small Jpegs and if they are good, we'll get you published!

Danny De Luxe

Bizarre Model and Latexdesigner

She is beautiful,glamour, dominant & bizarre and indeed an impressive manifestation: born in Croatia, she has been living in Munich and feeling at home in the local fetish scene for several years now.
On the international playground, Danny De Luxe has established herself as one of the most determined newcomers. Her look is as provocative and full of sensuality as her own creativity. She loves to express her ideas and visual talents both as a model and a designer, especially if it comes to extravagant styling, make-up and photography.
Latex has always been one of her inmost passions and her love for arts brought her with Gernot not only a highly inspired friend, but also an ally in the exploration of the fetish world. Working with latex to create the new and bizarre was the challenge that drove her to start this cooperation and become the front woman of GUMENA, a young latex label specialized in the production of extraordinary masks with a special attention to the details.The result is an unique combination of bizarre and glamour, which makes even long time fetishists wonder and at the same time mesmerizes new adepts.

GUMENA

Rubber is special, you either love it or hate it. I can see that GUMENA loves it. She is special, like the smell of rubber. Captivating, interesting and mysterious. She caught my attention a while ago and the result was that excellent cover of issue 29. What you didn't knew is that she actually makes these masks! Contact her and realize your special rubber dream. Recommended by Secret!

The duo gives to their masks their own interpretation of most fetishist obsessions: in GUMENA's world you will find the bizarre dolly and the rubber pony, weird nurses and evil nuns, soldiers and pirates and even much more. If this shouldn't be enough, Danny De Luxe and Gernot openly greet any special wishes for a new custom-made design.

GUMENA - which in Croatian means «the woman made of rubber» - takes the passions and thoughts of her creators to the surface and opens new perspectives for the likeminded. So we should not be surprised by the huge feedback they are receiving from all over the world. Let's see what surprises they still have for us!

www.danny-deluxe.com

www.gumena.com

Play Piercing ?

I read so I live. I read a lot of books. Guess you have no idea how many books I read while doing a Secret issue...Anyway, I am also so lucky to get some freebees from the publishers like Greenery Press, Palmprint, Cleis Press, and so on... and this book, ***PLAY PIERCING by Deborah Addington, is excellent****. Why? Well, we are living in some dangerous times and some people are playing some f*@#ing dangerous games....so all the safety we can learn is a plus to your responsability. This book, and I quote my buddy Fakir Musafar " is a great source of information for the novice player and covers about everything one should know for safe, sane and erotix needle scenes". Interested? You should be!*

WHAT IS PLAY PIERCING?

On the surface, play piercing is the temporary subdermal insertion of sterile hypodermic needles for pleasure and pain (mostly the good kind, unless otherwise desired, of course). Most piercings done in play are surface-to-surface piercing, meaning that they go in and out of a flat or slightly curved surface, like an arm or the chest. Other piercings will go through a body part, such as an earlobe or a nipple. The technique for those parts is called pinch, because one pinches a section of tissue to pierce. Play piercing is a blood sport and should be treated with great care and respect, up to and including the observance of Universal Precautions, the medical standard for infectious risk reduction.

Play piercing is an activity appropriate to the deeper explorations of the connections between skin, psyche and soul. It is both vehicle and destination; it stands alone as a recreational activity or may be incorporated in ritual. It can focus your awareness down to the point of a needle or expand it to include the Universe, the All. It's one of those things that appears simple, even easy, on the outside but reveals startling complexity on closer examination. It beautifully, gracefully weaves into a BDSM context; it translates effortlessly into an act of sadism and just as easily becomes an act of submission. It can reflect one's dominance over another; it can be received as the fulfillment of masochism. It's a tool, an art, an undeniable source of immediate, demanding experience. Historically, it's been used as a rite of passage, punishment, a medical practice and a method of spiritual absolution. When needles are involved, everything else falls away. It's you, your other(s), and the needle. The stage for alchemy **is** set.

For some, the term «play piercing» has the ring of an oxymoron. How could having a needle slid beneath the skin be playful? How erotic or transcendent can it be to get punctured? Doesn't that *hurt?* And wait a minute - transcendent? How in the world could something like needles be part of a transcendent experience anyway?
For many of us, our only exposure to hypodermic needles is in a medical context and usually unpleasant. Getting a shot or having blood drawn are hardly erotic, sensuous experiences leading to an altered state of perception. For people traumatized by needles, this negative association can be difficult to break. Difficult, but not impossible; play piercing can dramatically change one's relationship to needles from something fearful and unpleasant to something delicious and sensuous

When we deny experience out of fear, we contract. We get smaller. It isn't the fear itself that makes us smaller; it's our reaction to the fear. When we surrender to sensations we're not sure we can manage, we get bigger in order to make room for them. Intensity forces us to expand and accommodate demanding, immediate sensations. Ever felt like your head or heart or other body part was about to explode during an intense energy exchange? That feeling of imminent explosion is your skinsuit shifting to make room for more of its invisible contents. I, and others like me, play with that phenomenon deliberately in the attempt to enlarge a capacity for pleasure and for the joyous act of expansion itself. It feels good to get bigger.

When we take the reins of control from another, we get bigger in order to hold and guide our travels with them. To achieve that level of mastery, a certain amount of self must be moved around in order to make room for the energies of another, a fascinating process in its own right. Play piercing, from either end of the needle, is a fabulous tool for opening places in the self, moving things around and making room for more.

Play piercing is socially taboo, physically challenging and psychologically edgy. We're not «supposed» to enjoy poking people with needles, or enjoy getting poked. Society seems to think that people who do that sort of thing are weird, dangerous and possibly even sick. Taboos hold a great deal of power, and play piercing gives us access to that power, which we can then play with as we choose, using it for our own pleasure and evolution. Claiming one's power and using it in ways that make one happy is not sick; surrendering one l s personal authority to inappropriate cultural, social or religious mandates is sick.

Chemically, play piercing triggers a deep-seated survival response abetted by a spike in brain chemical production. Your swimsuit perceives a threat, rushes itself with adrenaline and endorphins in preparation of a fight or a flight. If needed, extra resources for survival would be available. In the absence of a real» threat, we get to sit back, relax and enjoy the rush.
There's also an edge of vulnerability in the mind when we do things that have inherent risk. The fears that arise when we face a risk give us the opportunity to transcend them, to become larger than our fears and bigger than we were before we overcame me our fears. That altered perception, that transcendent state, is relatively easy to achieve with

play piercing. It's not for everyone, but it's perfect for those in pursuit of transformation and transcendence.
If you're not into an holistic approach to pain, evolution and altered states of perception, you can always 'just play pierce for the sheer, joyful pain of it all, as well as the blood and the heat and the red and the sharp of it all. Sometimes a needle is just a needle and a pincushion is just a pincushion.

We indulge in play piercing to overcome, to be overwhelmed, to be washed away in a flood of our own chemistry and connection to another. We endure the poke and transmute the pain, empowered by transcending a challenging sensation and turning it into pleasure. We share an intimate, powerful exchange of energy by getting under someone's skin, or letting someone under ours. Partially because it's risky, play piercing **is** a rush. Its intensity doesn't feel quite like anything else. Play piercing is done for pain, for pleasure, for transcendent experience. It is done for bloodletting, for the opportunity to play with and consume that powerful, sacred elixir of life. It is done for decoration, from the patterning of needles to additions of dangly bits to lacing and «corsetry.» It's done for the temporary modification of the body, a stitched reconfiguration of parts that is pleasing to the eye or to the senses. It is versatile, potent and lends itself well to a variety of applications, from algolagnia to artistry.

PLAY PIERCING ISN'T FOR EVERYONE

If you are diabetic, immune-suppressed, have a blood clotting disorder (i.e., hemophilia), a seizure disorder or vascular disorder, you'll want to research your condition and the possible impacts of play piercing before making an informed choice about participating in this activity. Likewise, if you are taking any drugs, from aspirin to prescription medication, that thin the blood, slow coagulation and encourage bleeding you'll want to acquire the information necessary to make an informed choice. Herbs like motherwort have the same action. If you're pregnant or nursing, exercise extreme care and make a deeply informed choice.
If you have a blood borne illness such as Hepatitis C, Lyme disease or HIV (to name just a few of the many), make certain to tell your partner so that they can make an informed choice and take the appropriate precautions. There are no absolutes when it comes to who should or shouldn't play pierce, but I invite you to carefully choose your relationship to this activity.

by Deborah Addington

Video Reviews

Belgium Marc

In this all-girl movie, three words are key: masturbation, finger-spitzengefuhl and dildos! Like in a lot of the Inflagranti movies, there is no talking, which leaves a lot of room for action, with realistic sound (you hear every creak of the latex rubbing together). There are four basic scenes, ranging from some playtime next to a swimming pool to a three girl orgy of dildos. This last one shows one of the new Marquis gasmasks … with an attached rubber dildo. This movie offers a lot of variation on the same theme: girls making themselves or other girls feel very good. Don't expect spanking or bondage, it's all about latex play.

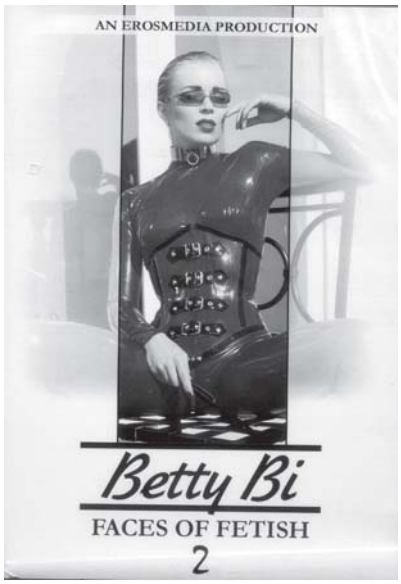
In this compilation DVD, you get some favorite scenes, all with Latex in a central role. It's mostly girl on girl action, ranging from mud play to barn fun (a roll in the hay, so to speak). The scene that most stood out for me, included four latex girls and a wheelbarrow filled with (cold!) water. They even used an underwater cam for this one. Girls dressed up in Latex, dripping wet… not a bad thing! Now, this wouldn't be Inflagranti if there wouldn't be lots of penetration as well. The usual dildo and (gloved) finger stuff, but since this is a compilation, the viewer is never bored. At least, I wasn't!

Latex a la carte Inflagranti

This movie is not as much about latex as it is about the sex. Sometimes, there is a fine line, in this movie I believe the balance moves more towards the sex side of it all. Some of the scenes (I didn't see a lot of coherence between the different chapters) there is a high latex content though, like the one where a sex doll comes to life to better serve her buyer. To me the best scene in the movie, it was almost a shame she had to return to her plastic form in the end. The last chapter is for the latex and food lovers, where a lot of whipped cream and milk get rubbed everywhere.

Betty Bi – Faces of Fetish 2 Erosmedia

This is not just any erotic movie, this is also a fashion show. Austrian designer Simon O is partner in the making of, and it shows. Every scene tries to surpass the previous one in outfits. Also the actresses are top notch, a combination which makes



this movie quote very high on the glamour scale, clearly made to approach the level of a «normal» movie. There's no real story line, but setting, clothing and make up are very professional. It runs for more than 2 hours and there's even an interesting «Making Of. Recorded» in a holiday villa in Spain, the hot sun makes the latex almost burn up! A lot of fetish tastes made it to the menu: girl-on-girl, dildo play, … but above all, lots of latex! At first, the mix between color and black and white shots looked very artsy, but after a while it wasn't so attractive anymore. Besides some off-screen commentary, there is no talking. Betty Bi is the central star of the movie.

This video is for the discerning latex lover, who is looking for very stylish and glamorous erotic play on his screen. Don't get me wrong, it goes beyond «erotic», but it's so much more than just wall-to-wall banging.

Have you seen a good fetish DVD?
Let us know!
We'll talk about it in the next issue!

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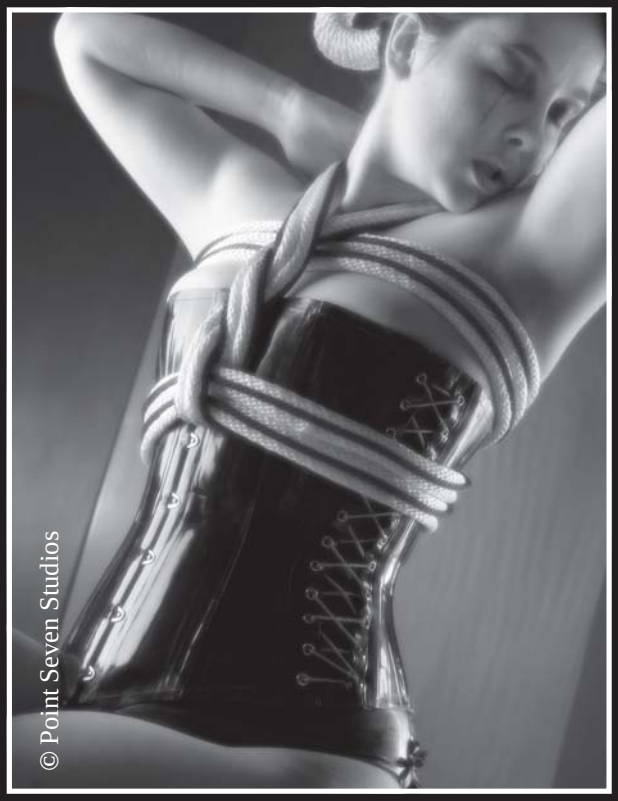
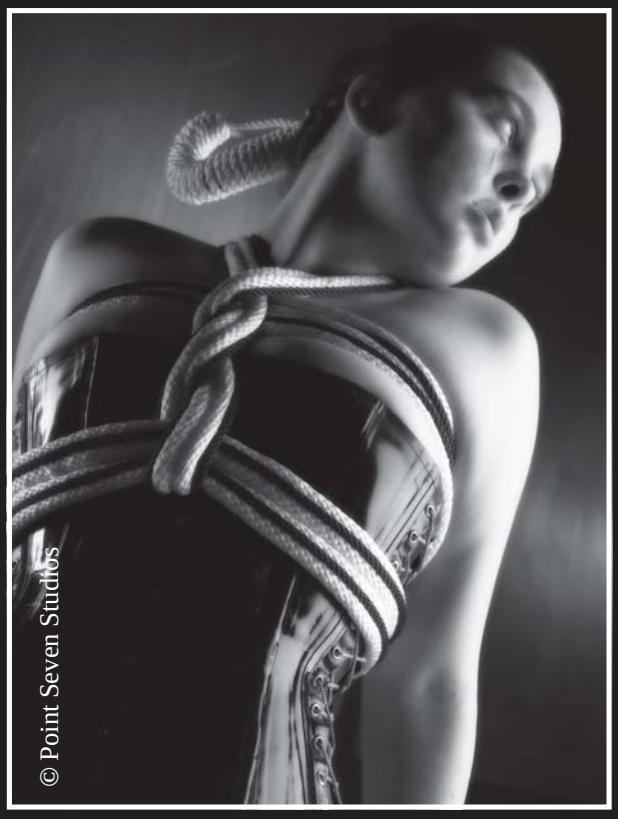


Lady Atropos



Who am I? I'm a 22 year old female who enjoys exploring deviant fashion as a form of self expression. For me, modelling is FUN, and it's a hobby. My life, ego, pride, and existance does not hang on being perfect. In fact, I'm not perfect. I don't have a playboy body, I'm not suicide girl material (applied and was told I'm not SG material), and a dozen other things that I am not.

Which I am PROUD of - it means I'm UNIQUE. That I can't be grouped into a massive collection of other similar models.

What are my aims? To bring something different to modelling. Instead of endless hours of digital manipulation, I want what I shoot to be REAL. My props are real, and so am I. My photos are not photoshoped for hours before posting. In fact, MANY images are VIRGIN (uneditted).

I don't need 5 layers of makeup or photoshop to look the way I do. Which is what I offer my fans - someone REAL. Thank you everyone who supports me, and my efforts to keep it as real as possible. Not only are the photos close to orginal, these photos reflect my tastes. Yes, my have WEIRD tastes - and I am proud of them.

Most of us know that fetish is "in". But what was my surprise to see the electronic dealer COSMOS to pack out with this super fetish publicity campaign. Headphones are turned into a serious gag, toothbrushes will never be the same after this work-out and the digital zoom will, well... you see what I mean. High-tech technology is presenting a cutting edge fetish variant, and that is new. The campaign was set out to increase excitement and curiosity because they are made without any headline. Again, the secret remains because who is behind this campaign will never be unveiled, but we did. The

hitech-fetish

manager Manfred Qwermuth, manager of COSMOS, was highly statisfied with the new FCB campaign and has planned a limited calendar for the end of this year. see more on www.hitech-fetish.com

Konzept: Andreas Gesierich, Daniel Senitschnig, Carmen Riemer
Creative Director: Erich Falkner
Art Director: Andreas Gesierich
Fotograf: Wolfgang Zajc
Grafik Design: Daniel Senitschnig

© China Hamilton

THE CRAFT OF CANING

by Janet W. Hardy

To the uninitiated, a cane looks like, well, a stick. And to be sure, there is something to be said for their point of view: it *is* a stick. While canes may be made of a variety of different materials, they all have in common their basic stickiness. They range from being whippy enough to be able to be bent tip-to-tip, to being almost entirely rigid; most are somewhere in between. For the purposes of this discussion, I'll assume moderate rigidity, but you can extrapolate greater or lesser rigidity depending on the cane you're using. (I suggest that before using any cane, you test its rigidity by bending it slightly between your hands. Actually, I suggest that before using any cane, you try at least a few test whacks on your own body - I usually use the outside of my right calf and/or the front of my right thigh, depending on the length of the cane - and/or have a knowledgeable friend give you a few test whacks on your butt. But I'm not your mommy; I just think that this is what responsible tops do. Let your conscience be your guide.

AIM.

Before you read onward, please go get a cane. If you don't have one handy, go get something else longish and slimmish - a yardstick, a feather duster, a spare car antenna, a riding crop, whatnot, just so you can see what I'm talking about. Now, take it in your right hand, hold your hand out to your si e, and move iti'n a wide arc in front of you from your right to your left. What part of it was traveling the fastest? The tip, right? (It goes the farthest in the same amount of time: hence, it's traveling the fastest.) That's very important. This is true of any flagellation implement, but here we're talking about canes: the tip of the cane is traveling fastest, and thus is going to hurt the most. Furthermore, even a very rigid cane is not entirely rigid: canes wrap. A beginner's mistake is to aim the center of the cane at the target. You're standing there, looking at a beautiful butt, with a cane in your hand. ‚Aha,» you say. «That right butt cheek looks just wonderful. I know - I will hit it with this cane.» (I like the way you think.) So you aim the center of the cane at the center of the butt cheek, and let fly. Where is the tip of the cane, the part that's traveling the fastest, going to land? If the cane is very rigid, and you're not striking too hard, it will land harmlessly in the air. If the cane is brittle, it will snap off and you'll have killed your cane. If the cane is whippy, it will snap around and score a nice hard welt, possibly even a blood blister, somewhere on your bottom's right hip, and your bottom will not like you one little bit. Complicating this point is the fact that many people naturally tend to lean forward when they hit harder in order to put greater force of their bodies into the blow - even relatively experienced tops sometimes wrap unintentionally this way: they've gotten their range with softer blows, then they go to land a hard one, lean forward and zing! right onto the hipbone. Got the picture? Aim the tip of your cane at the area you want to hit, possibly even slightly a bit short of the area you want to hit to allow for overkill. Point 1 about aim. Very important. A secondary point about aim: If you look at a butt that's been thrashed by someone who's never taken a thrashing themselves (or who hasn't been taught by a knowledgeable top), you'll see marks from about the top of the buttcrack to about the bottom of the crease of the butt. What I have to say about that: Ow. Shit. Goddamn. Ow.

About 90% of the bottoms I've played with have a strong preference for blows that land on the bottom half of the butt and - often but not always - the top few inches of the thighs. The exceptions are almost always those who like their thrashings to have a genuine flavor of punishment. I have met vanishingly few bottoms who find anything erotic at all about blows to the top half of the butt. And I have never met a bottom who can tolerate blows anywhere in the area of the tailbone. (I'm sure such a bottom exists somewhere, because somewhere there's a bottom who likes anything in the world, but there are very goddamn few of them.) So: unless your bottom tells you differently, I strongly suggest you concentrate your blows on the bottom half of the butt, and probably on the inner portion of each cheek. Ask about strokes to the thighs: some bottoms love them, some bottoms hate them, essentially all bottoms find them harder to take than strokes to the ass.

SYMMETRY.

Unless you're trying to achieve a special effect, it is gracious and artistic to achieve symmetry in your caning. Thus, unless you're fortunate enough to be ambidextrous, you will have to learn some way to reach the cheek that is not reachable with your dominant hand. The easy way is to put your bottom face-down on a table or bed and simply walk back and forth. Nothing wrong with this option: a great many bottoms can accept a more intense caning in this position anyway. But if you want your bottom in a standing or bent-over position, you will need to learn one of three options: you can learn to cane with your «off « hand, you can learn to cane with your dominant hand while crouching, or you can learn to cane backhanded.

I am hopeless with my left hand, so I've discarded that option, but I've watched other caners who are very good - as with all caning, I suggest you practice on inanimate objects before trying it on a human being. The crouching option is hard to describe, but can be done well if your balance is good. Assuming you're righthanded, you crouch to your bottom's right, facing them. Raise the cane to your left shoulder, parallel to the ground, with your palm facing their body, and swing it smoothly at their butt, aiming slightly upward.

in general, though, I prefer the backhand. Through the years, I've come to the point where my backhand stroke is actually slightly stronger and more accurate than my forehand (I have a weak shoulder and the backhand is less affected by it). If you don't know how to do a backhand swing, have a tennisplaying friend show you; not just your caning, but all your flagellatory activities will be improved by this important stroke. Big Hint: I like to start the stroke

by grasping the striking end of the cane in my left hand, thus adding «snap» to its stroke as it swings.

STING/THUD.
The gospel of sting and thud is taught in all classes on flagellation. Stingy things are light in weight in relation to their width, and thus hurt up at skin level; thuddy things are heavy in weight, and thus hurt deeper down at muscle or even bone level. All canes are stingy to some degree, because they're all narrow and relatively lightweight. I have a rattan cane that's really more of a club - about 27" long and 1 « across and even it packs a significant edge of sting along with its clublike thud. And the slenderest of

canes is nearly pure sting. But heavier and more rigid canes can definitely have thud along with sting, and some achieve a lovely thud/ sting balance that I like to call «bite» sinking deep down through every layer of tissue with an intensity achieved by no other pain toy. It's this kind of bite, in my opinion, that makes the cane truly the queen of flagellation implements. It is possible to control thud and sting levels with your caning technique. If you arc using a heavy, thuddy cane and want it to feel stingier, swing it nearly parallel to the skin so that it strikes a glancing blow that skims along the surface of the skin - it will sting like a bee. Similarly, snapping the cane onto the skin as though it were going to go only an inch or two beneath the surface and then snatching it back will give a stingier stroke. Contrariwise, sending a cane firmly and perpendicularly directly down onto the skin, with no snap and lots of follow-through, will maximize whatever thud it may have. (If it's a slender, whippy cane, nothing on earth will make it feel thuddy, except maybe wrapping it in duct tape. Sorry.)
If your bottom has a hard time processing sting, you can help by «rubbing away the sting»

PACING:
To explain the pacing of caning, first I have to explain a bit about what happens when a cane strikes skin; it's not exactly like any other implement. Oddly enough, canes have more in common in at least one way with clamps than they do with other flagellation implements like floggers, paddles and straps. The immediate jolt of pain, the momentary ebbing, then the slow secondary blossoming. This is very typical. So here we have two cane-related phenomena that are not like other flagellation implements: a two-phase sensation, and a two-track welt. On the other hand, we sadomasochists do have one other pain implement in our toybag that does have a two-phase sensation: the lowly clamp, that notoriously «hurts for a moment going on, then calms down, and then hurts worse coming off.»

Obviously, I have no scientific data to back me up on this. (If any reader is willing to fund a study, write to me) But it seems clear to me that what happens when cane strikes skin is essentially the same as what happens when clamp meets skin, compressed into a much smaller time frame, as follows: The cane descends rapidly and forcefully onto the skin. (Look closely and you can see a momentary flash of pure white, like a lightning strike, as the skin is compressed and the blood forced out of it.) The pain is instantaneous. The skin on either side of the cane stroke is suddenly and dramatically stretched, hence creating the «two tracks» of the classic cane welt. This phase of the sensation is comparable to the sensation of the clamp going on, and fades almost instantaneously. One to ten seconds later, depending on the force of the strike, the blood flows back into the compressed tissue - comparable to the sensation of the clamp coming off. A second, slower, more intense wave of pain washes over the recipient, often followed by a flood of endorphins (and, sometimes, by a corresponding flood of giggles). What this means to you, the caner, is that pacing is essential to creating a symphonic caning. If you want your caning to go on for a long time, at a majestic pace, you wait until the second wave has subsided before you start your next stroke. If you want to build to a crescendo, you challenge your bottom by building wave on top of wave.

This is your composition to create: but you must create consciously, mindfully, and with knowledge. Learn to watch your bottom with the utmost of care; you will see these waves travel over the skin like ripples on a lake, and they will become as lovely to you as any beauty that ever inspired an artist.

Janet W. Hardy is a writer and sex educator, and founder of Greenery Press. She has also been published as Catherine A. Liszt and Lady Green. You can order this book at www.Greenerypress.com

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Josef Botello

Girls, Guns and Ropes

Mixofpix, a spin-off from the Goliath editors, are small, pocket size books, mainly in black and white covering one photographer. The thing is to make a selection in all those photographers. In the past, I've had my doubts, but this Josef Botello is quite different. Mixing his own cocktail of dominant girls in submissive ropework wheeling a big revolver is, to say the least, different. Content is important and he got the message. He also digs my magazine...and I dig his work. So, as I say often, a couple of examples will tell you more than any other review. Good book, order it from www.moxofpix.com

Josef Botello

Girls, Guns and Ropes

Guilty Pleasures

written by Maria Isabel Pita

Before her stood three men, and turning her head from side-to-side she glimpsed four more men flanking her even as she sensed even more men standing behind her. Yet all that truly mattered was the fact that Sandro was one of the tall figures her erect nipples were pointing towards with shocking eagerness. Like his companions he was dressed entirely in black, but his mask was slightly different, rimmed in a glimmering thread flashing a deep violet in the torchlight. She was so profoundly relieved to see him it was a moment before she noticed he was holding something. Once, when she was a little girl, she had witnessed a man being flogged in public, and she had never forgotten the sight of his bare back ravaged by vividly bleeding welts. She could not believe her husband's friends meant to hurt her in such a terrible way, leaving her permanently scarred, yet it was definitely a flogger she saw resting menacingly in Sandro's gloved hand. She would have said something then - she would have begged for his mercy as a surge of visceral panic broke the sophisticated danm of her control - but a tightly wound cloth was suddenly forced between her lips, gagging her and making it impossible for her to speak. What she experienced then had to be dread, but the feeling had a disturbingly similar affect on her as the pleasure which only moments ago had blinded her; her heart began beating so fast her knees weakened as if they were actually running to keep up. Sandro stepped forward. She prayed he would speak to her, that he would have the good grace to offer a civilized explanation for why he was about to brutalize her, but a faint whistling sound immediately followed by a resounding smack was all she heard before the silent scream of her flesh. She discovered a flogger was like a brood of serpents all biting her at once, and it amazed her how much of the perversely invigorating venom of pain she could absorb without fainting. The elegance of Sandro's movements mesmerized her as he walked slowly around her, making sure to strike every inch of her body from her breasts all the way down to her thighs. She was not bleeding; the wide leather bands did not break her skin. How much she suffered beneath each lash was excruciatingly real, but it appeared she would not be scarred. She reminded herself she was not a condemned prisoner being publicly humiliated. She was a beautiful woman being privately initiated... a beautiftil woman being challenged and aroused by a group of noblemen mysteriously instructing her in the dark, secret ways of her flesh thrilling to the brutal kiss of leather with an even deeper excitement than to a tender caress. Her pussy became so wet she was mortified to feel its juices trickling down the insides of her legs... making her think of tears shed by the mother of Christ witnessing what no moral woman could possibly desire much less enjoy. Then the tips of the flogger deliberately bit one of her nipples and real tears filled her eyes as she turned her head to gaze beseechingly at her tormenter. He ignored her silent plea and stepped behind her, where he devoted himself to lashing her back and buttocks until her sex felt hot enough to light another torch with. She had ceased to believe the ordeal would ever end when three things suddenly happened at once. A man knelt and placed a darkred pillow at her feet as the sodden gag was wrenched from between her lips and a grinding sound told her the chains attached to her wrists were being lowered so they would continue holding her up as she sank to her knees. In a haunting way the flogging had rendered her even more naked than she already was. Men surrounded her, but she had eyes only for the darkly desirable space of Sandro's crotch looming directly in front of her face. She watched with a ravenous, blasphemous reverence as he opened his leggings, pulled out his cock, and slipped it between her lips. It was impossible to explain why being beaten exquisitely enhanced her senses, and she had no wish to; all she wanted was to worship his erection and to suffer his head blessing her throat with its profoundly selfish caress. She moaned in despair when he stepped back and another man's rigid penis filled her mouth. It was a true test of her oral skills that she was allowed to use only her lips and tongue and throat to stimulate one man after another, and it proved a revelation to her how different they all felt and tasted; she was able to distinguish subtle yet vital nuances in all their pulsing presences.

At long last her mouth was emptied and, vaguely, Laura realized her wrists were being freed as someone pulled her roughly to her feet. A moment later she found herself on her knees again, only this time she was bent forward, her wrists and neck resting in leather-cushioned slots, then the top half of the stock was brought down again, pinning her in place. Her breasts and belly, and especially her ass and thighs, burning from the relentless flogging had made her pussy deeply jealous, and while her mouth received all the thrusting attention it craved her feminine wound had become even more desperately hungry for attention. She had never been more ready for a cock in her life as she was then with her head separated from her body. She got what she longed for - what she needed more than anything - when an erection surged into her sex, gloriously filling her belly. She could not see around the black curtain of her hair, but she did not really care who the man was penetrating her as he gripped her hips and made her accept his full length from beginning to end over and over again. Then strong fingers wove themselves through her hair and lifted her head. What she had earlier experienced with hands and thumbs was nothing to how she felt a moment later with a man driving himself deeper and deeper between her thighs while another man pumped his hips in a gentler rhythm riding her face.

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Perversity – its Vintage Stuff.

By Linda DuPret

Human beings have always enjoyed sexual perversity. Pleasure in deviant behaviour is not new, nor is the documentation of perversity and sensuality. But what is relatively new is a belief that fetish clothing and aberrant sexual behaviour were both somehow created by «us» in the 1950s. Another odd belief is that bdsm (as we know it today) began with the «Story of O». Poor de Sade would be mortified.

Up to the mid-eighteen hundreds, perversity, erotica, visual lewdity and arousing material of any kind was obviously restricted to illustrations, books, statues and paintings, which kept it firmly in the hands of the rich. In this period there were no laws of censorship (apart from those of the Church) governing the creation and ownership of this material.

In the mid-1800s things changed. The new wet-plate developing process gave photographers the ability to take many copies of a photograph from a single glass negative plate.

Prior to that, photographs were confined to daguerreotypes and similar processes, where the glass plate itself became the photograph. These early processes were expensive and created one-off «photographs» that had to be handled with care, as one break of that glass meant they were destroyed. But us humans, being the sexual creatures that we are, did create erotica and perversity even with such fragile materials.

Hundreds of erotic daguerreotypes still exist, although most are in private collections and rarely emerge, because daylight slowly destroys them. If any are ever offered for sale up they cost thousands of pounds/dollars/euros.

And then the invention of wet-plate photography in 1851 changed everything. Photographers could print out one large perfect print of whatever salacious activity they'd recorded, then re-photograph it numerous times, creating dozens of glass plates. And then create hundreds of prints of each, which of course made everything cheaper and put photographic erotica in the hands of the common man. So those in authority created censorship – which is a whole different soapbox.

The **«Story of O»** is usually credited with the creation of D Rings and collars – which is strange when you consider the huge amount of visual documentation that exists, illustrating the usage of both these things far earlier.

Corsets have a long history behind them and even shiny black leather and PVC corsets existed nearly a hundred years ago. But corsets became an erotic, then a fetish-clothing item for sociological as well as erotic reasons. Victorian women used corsets to define and improve their body shapes. Tight lacing to the point of breathlessness was de-rigeur, as was the boning used in these undergarments. And that's what it was all about – undergarments, only seen when a woman was partially dressed. A respectable lady would only disrobe in her bedroom, so any woman who allowed herself to be seen in her undergarment was loose. A whore, slut, mistress, prostitute, dancing girl, tart, slut, a chorus girl, and certainly not respectable. So the sight of the corset became erotic and inflammatory because of what it implied as well as how it looked.

Corsets were also tight and restrictive, inhibiting movement, even a form of bondage, certainly representing submission. In less than 100 years they've moved from being a necessary and restrictive form of undergarment and become symbols of fetishism and eroticism. They feature in thousands of photographs taken between the 1880s and 1920s, along with light bondage, birches, OTK spankings and canings. The fetish and bdsm elements in these photographs weren't strong; usually a standard porno pose with birch and whip to titillate and tease. Much of this early fetish photography featured priests and nuns, as the French have always loved thumbing a nose at the clergy, and images of nuns with whips and floggers caught half-dressed always delighted.

In the Paris of the 1920s, fetish imagery becomes a definite genre. The café society of the day was perverse, a society in which «travesties» (men dressed as women and women dressed as men), poly-relationships, Lesbian and gay affairs and bdsm were commonplace. The «new woman» was enjoying herself. She openly smoked cigarettes and cigars, had affairs, flirted various forms of perverse sex and generally explored her sexuality. And she was encouraged by novels, photographs and even fetish clothing, created by small but creative fashion houses like Diana Slip.

«Venus in Furs» by Leopold Ritter von Sacher-Masoch was an established (if turgidly romantic) treatise on the role of humiliation in bdsm, and French photographers were creating arousing and acceptable images of domination and submission to please their audience, providing dark, but chic imagery for the pleasure of the voyeuristic. Biederer was probably the first photographer to formalise

fetish wear. He used shiny black leather and patent leather corsets, high-heeled shoes, boots, and even chastity belts. He showed ponyplay, puppyplay, and created complex bondage scenarios, using book presses, artist's easels and ladders. His contribution to the fetish clothing and imagery of today is immense, but usually unappreciated. Like other photographers of the period, including Schall and Moral, he also worked for some of the more outré Parisian fashion houses, including Diana Slip and Yva Richard.

Yva Richard, designer and maker of fetish lingerie became famous as a photographer in his own right, and his wife/ model Nativa was the first fetish icon of the 20th century, preceding Betty Page by at least 30 years. And Nativa lived the lifestyle, whilst Betty Page was simply a glamour model who posed in a few scenarios.

Yva Richard was in all likelihood a bdsm Dominant, who created fetish clothing while his wife wore corsets and masks to promote their lingerie – with her slave-chain round her ankle in many photographs. She delighted foot fetishists of the era with her tiny feet (size 3) and her wide white thighs and very tight lacing.

Amateur photographer Grunworth also contributed a huge amount of work to the 1920s fetish boom, (See «L'Album Obscene» by Dupouy) but his work was entirely for his own pleasure. He probably photographed more enemas, douches and explicit close-ups than any other photographer, and if the intimate detail wasn't to his liking, he simply repainted the negative to give stand-out appeal.

The work of Biederer dominates in this period, as he produced his own material and worked for small publishing houses specialising in perverse imagery. Most images bearing the logo of Ostra, and «Triangle» are almost certainly his work. (See «Dark Sex» by Linda DuPret and John DuPret). In his time Biederer would have produced thousands of photographs for a public greedy for erotic stimuli. His photographs might not excite us today, as they would be too tame for many tastes. His lashes were drawn on with lipstick and his models probably knew as much about pleasure and pain as they knew about Florentine Architecture, but there is no denying that his chic imagery was the vanguard of today's more explicitly perverse photography.

The Second World War changed everything and the late 1940s and the 1950s saw a new morality and a heavy social bias against these photographs. In Europe, representations of black shiny clothing, boots, and any hint of whipping or torture had unpleasant, even terrifying associations. In this period it would have been an offence to own one of these photographs, and most of them, along with negatives, were destroyed by the French Government. This may happen again today if legislation being drafted in the UK comes into effect, as (for different reasons) it targets the visual representation of what it terms «Violence in Pornography». Broadly speaking, the British Government intends to make it an offence to create, own or view images that include «real or appearing to be real acts» of serious violence. The proposals would have a wide catchment, possibly including these photographs from the 1920s, so once again these early images might be banned in the hysteria that usually follows fast on the heels of any new law of this nature. This would be a tragedy, as original photographs from this era are already exceedingly rare, and represent the pinnacle of early erotic fetish photography.

* All photographs are the property of the DuPret Collection.
** Linda DuPret is the creator of the book **«Dark Sex»** first published by the EPS in 2001. She is married to fetish photographer John DuPret whose book «Sirens» has just been published by the Erotic Print Society.

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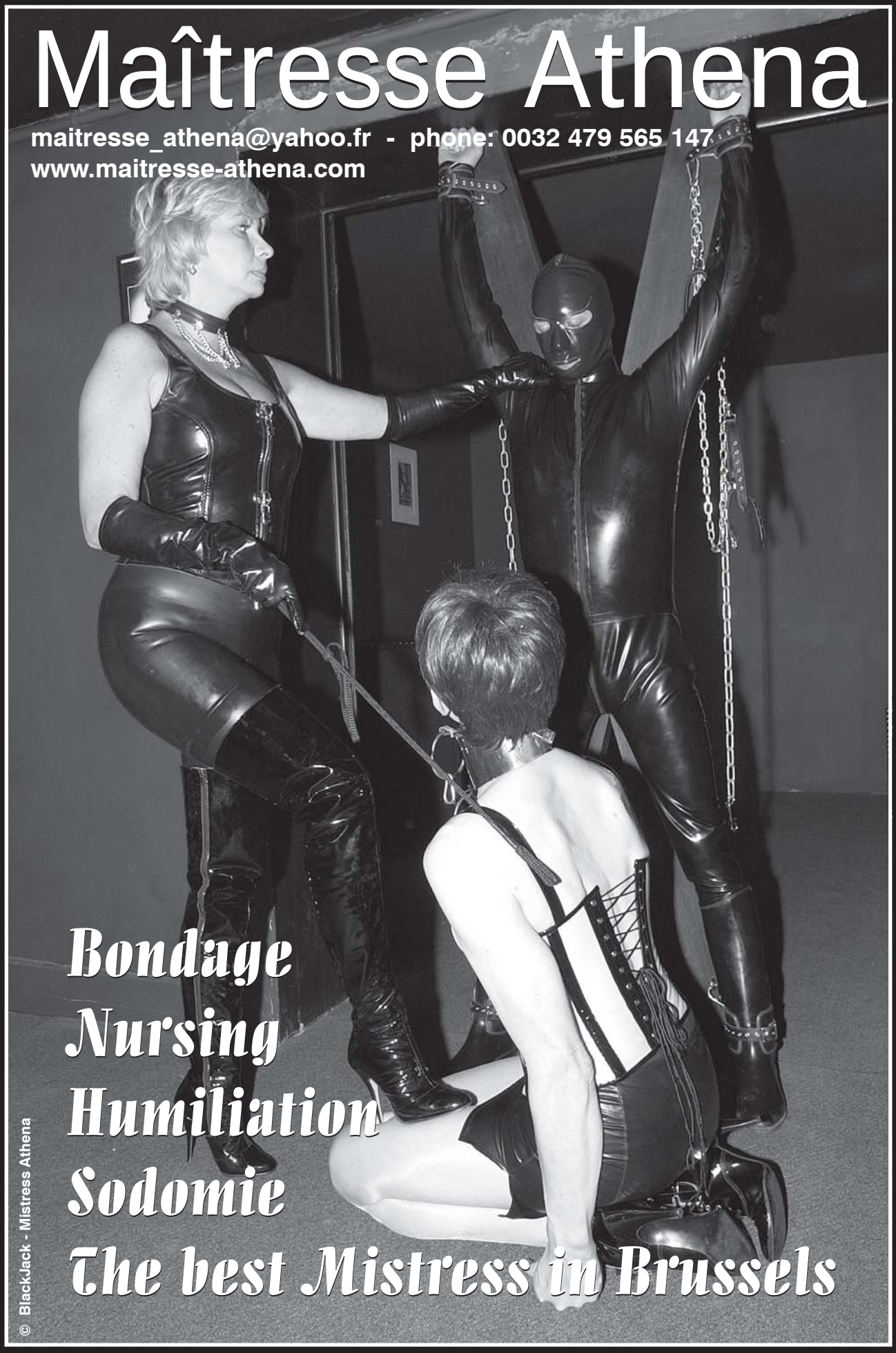
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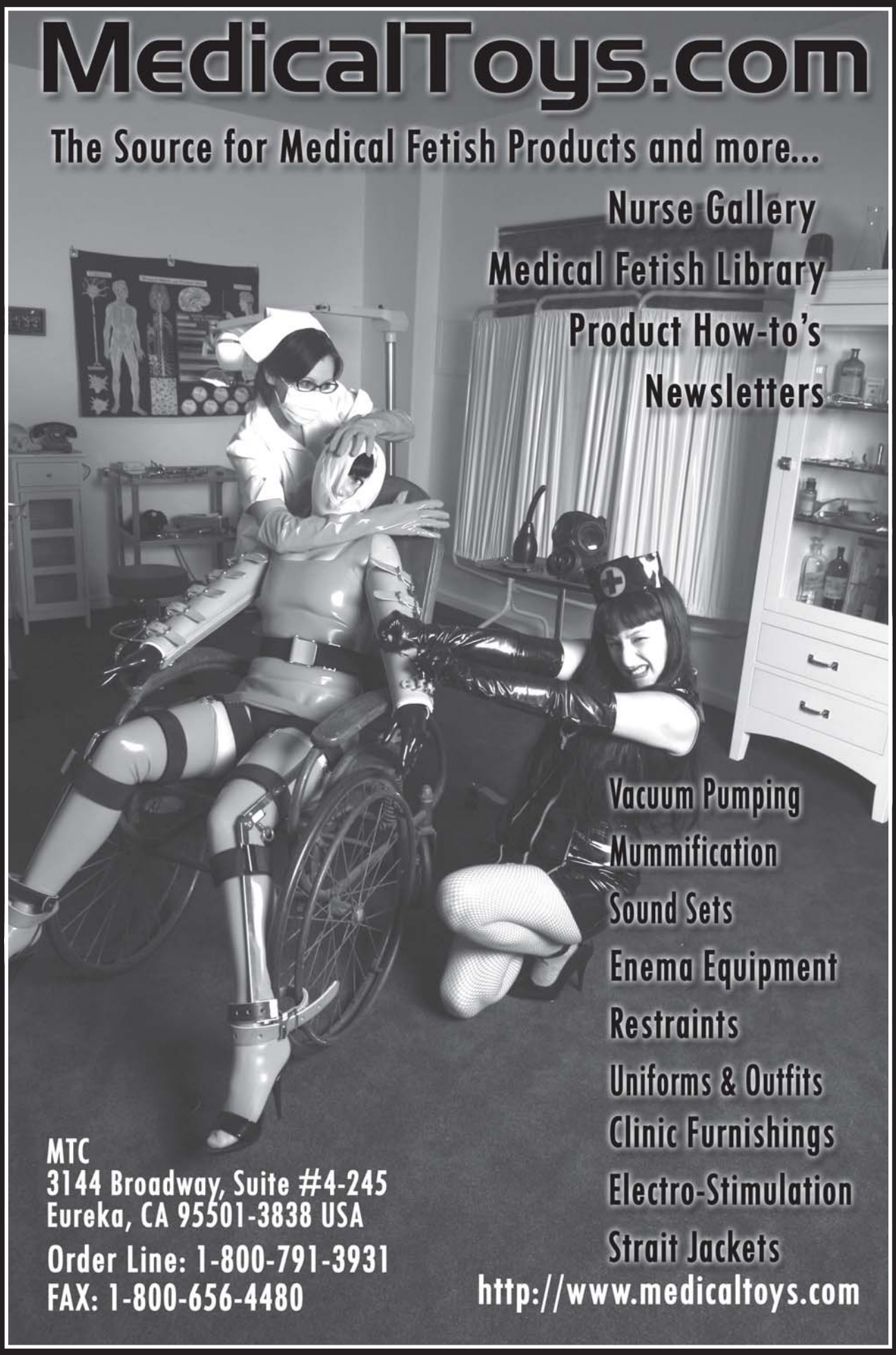
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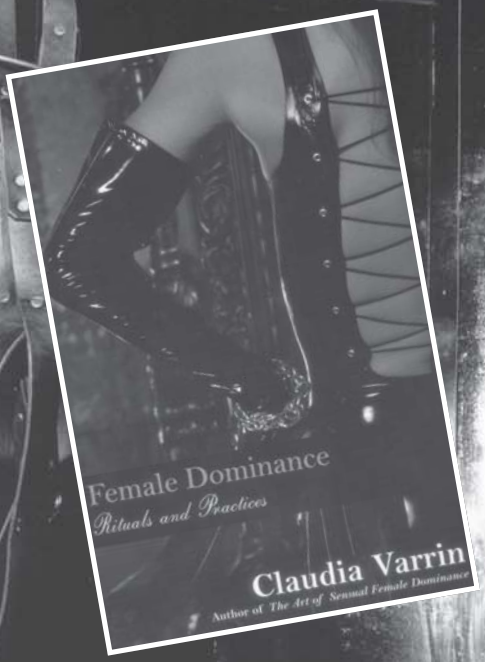

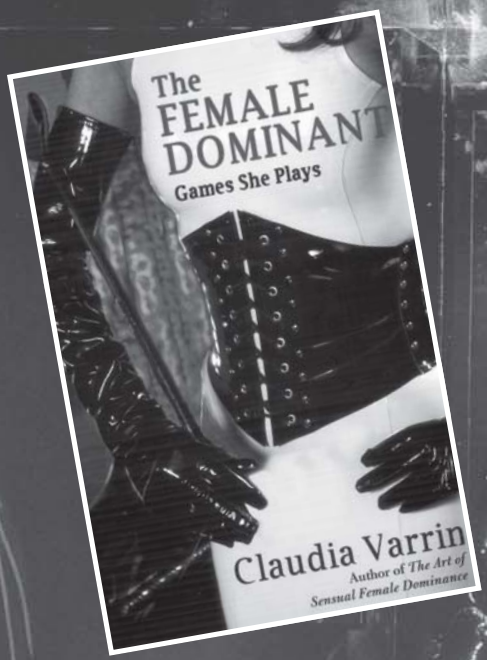

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Claudia Varrin, author of «The Art of Sensual Female Dominance,» «Erotic Surrender,» and «Female Dominance: Rituals and Practices.» To order Miss Varrin's works, visit her website at www.claudiavarrin.com.

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